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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Residence in Greece and Turkey; with Notes of the Journey through Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and the Balkan. By Francis Hervé, Esq. Illustrated by tinted lithographic Engravings, from Drawings by the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

It appears, from a passage in his second volume, that the author was unfortunate enough to lose the collected *matériel* for this publication, and thus be compelled to write chiefly from memory; a circumstance which may account for and excuse many imperfections. "At dusk," he says, "we came to a halt at a small village, the name of which I forget, but think it was Pirodas. Of many others, also, I am in doubt, a deficiency that it is not in my power to rectify, having, unfortunately, had a portmanteau stolen in London, with all my memoranda, four years of journals, and nearly three hundred sketches, taken in different parts of the east; therefore the reader must pardon any inaccuracy which may appear in the names of persons and places, and attribute it to the right cause, which is, that I write from memory alone."

It may thus have happened that many things, generally thought essential to foreign travels, are but very lightly touched upon by Mr. Hervé; whilst accounts of courts, balls, soirées, and such-like gossip as one often finds in the columns of fashionable journals, fill up the pages to an extent which cannot be much relished by the rational reader. We ought not to censure the author, however, very severely for this course; since he honestly and candidly sets out by warning us that it is what we have to expect from him. After a dedication to Lord Longford, somewhat in the exploded style of compliment, he opens Chapter I. with the rather startling heading of "The Author's Bad Habits;" from which we learn, that he is an artist, and determinedly addicted to a "total want of arrangement and order;"! that all with him is "loose and desultory;" and that with "something less than nothing a-year," he performed these peregrinations, and painted portraits for a pass- and we presume sup-port, as Goldsmith played the flute.

In this trim, and with these habits and pursuits, readers must be content to take him as he is; and, to shew what he has made of it, we shall proceed to cull a few samples from his observations and descriptions.

Having passed in a wretched Austrian merchantman from Marseilles to Napoli, we shall commence with his written portrait of King Otho,* of whom a lithographed likeness is also given.

"When one beholds a sovereign, we generally look at him with a very scrutinising eye, endeavouring to discern a something beyond the ordinary stamp of man. To make any discovery of that description in Otho, must require a being of superior penetration; at any rate, I must confess my own deficiency in that respect,

never having been able to perceive that majesty of appearance in the young king which we naturally imagine the attribute of monarchs. His countenance is ever replete with the expression of good-nature, and is in that instance a faithful index of his character. He is in stature about the middle height, perhaps rather above, may be from five feet nine to ten inches; would appear taller if he did not wear his hair so flat to his head, as though it were gummed thereon; and, as if to preserve it constantly in an unruffled state, he has a habit ever and anon of stroking it down with his hand, thereby retaining it in the most perfect and obedient state of smoothness that man could desire. I never saw one rebel hair astray; happy would he be could he keep his subjects in the same state of subordination. But I suspect that this extreme neatness of coiffeur assists in giving him the air of a grocer's apprentice, when dressed in his Sunday clothes; that is to say, those of Bishopsgate Street or Holborn, as those of the west end are more stylish-looking fellows than King Otho: and, indeed, he has other symptoms which savour of the grocer's shop, having a curious knack of continually giving innumerable little nods of his head, which one might be led to imagine he had acquired from endeavouring to emulate those Chinese figures, the usual appendages of dealers in groceries. The comparison may be carried still further: nothing can be more inoffensive than the physiognomy of those images; but, undoubtedly, that of the king's is as much so. In fact, he always appeared to me to have the expression of a good lad whose master had just patted him on the head, and said to him, 'There's a good boy;' thus giving the youth an air of satisfaction with himself and all the world. It would not be fair for me to comment on his colloquial powers, not understanding the German language: what converse we ever had together was in French, which he spoke very indifferently; and having a great many nervous little twists and quirks, in addition to the aforesaid incessant nods of the head, his articulation appeared to me to be impeded, though his animation certainly was increased by these vivacious gesticulations. The fact was, that I could seldom understand what he said, and it was quite evident that I was as rarely comprehended by him: 'tis true he is deaf with one ear, and I, with my usual bad tact, always contrived to get on the deaf side; it may, therefore, be easily imagined that our conversation was not very brilliant, having no other merit than its brevity. He has been very wickedly styled by some of the English newspapers, the ugly King of Greece; but this is going too far, as I never can admit that, where so much good-nature is associated with a countenance, as is so conspicuously the case in his, the term ugly is admissible. I know no better manner of describing him, than by quoting the words of one of the ambassadors of his own court, who observed, that when his features were quiet he was very passable, but the moment he spoke or laughed his whole face tumbled to pieces. On these occasions, had not Providence, in all its gracious mercy, placed his ears remarkably far back, they must have long since fallen a sacri-

fice to the threatened invasions of his month. But his eyes and complexion are good; and when in uniform he is much better looking, having a more patrician appearance, particularly on horseback, as he sits his horse gracefully, and rides well."

His majesty's Bavarian followers are described as very awkward and ugly fellows; and in the female sex of Greece itself our author finds nothing but commonplace countenances and clumsy figures. The national character is also drawn as worse than bad.

From Napoli, a trip to Epidaurus, Egina, and Athens, is not productive of much novelty; but there is a slap at the correspondents of the London Journals, which we should like to see answered or explained.

"I met in the east," Mr. Hervé tells us, "with several correspondents of the London papers, gentlemen receiving high salaries, and generally passably well-informed men; but I was much surprised at the light manner in which they gathered their intelligence, the little trouble they were at to ascertain whether it was correct or otherwise. In one instance, where I convinced one of them who read me the article he was about to send to England, that part of what he asserted was the direct opposite to the fact, he replied, 'Oh, never mind, it will suit my purpose just as well; so it shall go as it is, and will be more amusing than if I were to send them the real truth.' One of these gentry went to Egypt, and received an introduction to a certain consul at Alexandria, a complete creature of Mehemet Ali; and, as the literary gentleman met with much hospitality from the said consul, whilst he ate his dinners and drank his wine, he listened to his tales, representing the pacha all that was immaculate, and his dominions, with regard to population, finance, army, navy, agriculture, and other resources, most prosperous and flourishing. The hired scribe then framed his article for his London employer accordingly; in short, as much the opposite of the real fact as Mehemet Ali himself could desire, as a description of himself and his government, to figure away in the English papers; and a most brilliant gem of statistical information was drawn up, in very pretty language, and most highly edifying for those who might never have an opportunity of knowing better. However behind us in civilisation they may be in the east, with respect to the manoeuvres and trickery incidental to the manufacture of newspapers they already rival us. Whilst I was at Napoli, the editor of a journal published in Turkey arrived, and was overwhelmed with attentions from all the authorities, and persons concerned in the government. It was well known that he had entered into some arrangements, for which he was to receive a certain consideration; and, in turn, it was understood, that he was to extol the Bavarian government in Greece to the utmost of his powers of eloquence: this compact was entered into with the anti-d'Armanisberg faction. Afterwards, I met with this same editor in Turkey, and I remarked how much Greece was indebted to his paper, for his flattering commendations regarding the improved state of its affairs, and the

* There are also some striking sketches of scenery, and portraits of celebrated Greeks, such as Mavrocordato, Canaris, &c. &c. who sat to the English artist professionally.

political conduct of its rulers. I thought his reply was rather ambiguous; and some weeks afterwards, he complained to me that D'Armanberg owed him a certain sum of money, for which he had written, and had only received an evasive answer. About a month after this, he stated the amount owing as double what he had before said; and a third time he mentioned a still higher sum, and that he could obtain no answer whatever from D'Armanberg to his letters: adding, that he would give him one fortnight longer, and if he did not reply in a satisfactory manner by that time, he would write as much against the Bavarian government as he before had praised it; declaring, that he was sure it was in his power to ruin Otho and his whole gang, and get them driven back to where they came from; and he certainly did hurl his anathemas at them at a most tremendous rate. D'Armanberg deigned not to notice his thundering declamations, which had little influence on Greek affairs; the editor remained unpaid, and unrevenged. I suspect his contract had never been ratified by the president, but merely made with his enemies, who had pledged themselves to take so many papers weekly, to a certain amount, on condition that their measures were upheld therein. This explains the increase of the sum with the increase of time adverted to by the editor, in complaining of D'Armanberg's conduct, who certainly could not be blamed for not adhering to an engagement made with his opponents."

Pass we from this subject to some Greek traits.

"It is a curious circumstance that the Greeks, in any trifling quarrel, instead of attempting to strike each other, immediately stoop and pick up a stone to fling at their opponent; and, from constant practice from childhood, their aim is so unerring, that I never saw them miss their mark.

"Many foreigners imagine that the Greeks are deficient in personal courage, because they will take a blow from those whom they consider as Europeans without resenting it; but they have an idea of the superiority of those who come from civilised countries, and regard them almost in the same light as the horse does his rider, and never would dream of exerting their physical strength against beings they regard as of a more elevated species than themselves. From any one that they conceive an equal, they would not endure for an instant what they considered an insult. Although the Greeks are so totally destitute of any idea of the art of painting, they are very fond of displaying their graphic powers on their houses, by adorning them with borders formed by designs of landscapes, of houses, trees, and figures, which rival each other in stiffness. I was much amused by the manner in which the Greeks handle a picture. When you present them a miniature, or portrait of any one, instead of holding it as we should with the head upwards, they always turn it with the side of the picture so placed as to form the base, and sometimes they will twist it upside down altogether, but never by any chance do they hold it in that direction that a rational being would. The ex-monarch (late governor) of Napoli had his son's likeness taken in profile; and the grandmother of the child, when shewn the picture, was very indignant at there being but one eye. I endeavoured to make her understand, through the medium of an interpreter, that the other eye was on the other side, meaning of course the other side of the head; but the old lady mistaking what was meant, turned the paper round, expecting to

find the other eye on the other side of the paper. But in this idea she was not alone, as I once saw a miniature painted in Russia, which in front represented a reasonable looking being. I was told to turn it round, when I found the back of the head and shoulders painted so as to correspond with the front; and I found that the original had given regular sittings for both sides of the picture, so that they had a sort of double likeness, and I was assured that the one side was as striking as the other; and nothing could convince the parties to whom this curiosity belonged, but that if I would introduce that style of portrait (that is, back and front on the same picture,) in civilised Europe, I should make my fortune. One art there is in which the Greeks excel, and that is embroidery, in which they display the greatest taste, and by its aid so considerably add to the beauty of their costumes.

"The Greeks of the present day are perhaps as mixed a race as any in Europe; and the major part of them would be very much puzzled to trace their ancestry to very remote antiquity. Certainly there are the Canteuzenos and the Palliologos, who undoubtedly are amongst the most ancient families in Europe. Greece has had many masters; and each appear to have left some specimens of their breed. Migrations from Asia have also often added to the population of Greece; hence must have arisen that Jewish style of countenance so frequent amongst many of the handsomest Greeks. In fact, their features have a more eastern cast than might be expected of Europeans; and every vestige we have in sculpture of the ancient Greeks, presents quite a different style of physiognomy from the present race. The outline of the face was much straighter, and the features smaller; and even in the representation of their most sturdy heroes, no resemblance can be traced of the enormous noses, so prevalent in modern Greece, and which I suspect are of south-eastern origin. In passing through the country, I have sometimes seen that beautiful line of feature so constantly found in the antique; but I doubt not but that I should have found as many in other countries, had I sought them as much as I did in Greece. The men from Hydra I remarked as being particularly good looking; a fair middle height, remarkably strong made, very fresh coloured, and fine open countenances; as opposite as possible to the green-yellow-looking Moreotes, who have mostly a sinister expression. The Hydryotes almost all look alike. I am not alone in that remark. I remember a stranger, observing a group of these islanders together, declared that such was the resemblance they bore to each other, that it might be imagined they were all brothers.

"The Greeks certainly are fond of adorning themselves, and occupy their thoughts more about costume, than might be imagined. Colocotroni sent his fesse (the red cap) to Paris, to have it arranged as a Roman helmet, which he had surmounted by a great tail of horse-hair dyed blue: for epaulets, he had lions' heads in brass, with chains of the same metal hanging from them. When thus accoutred, he might have been presented as a complete model of a captain of banditti. Salvator Rosa could nowhere have found a more fit subject for his pencil. I had his costume some time at my apartments, whilst I was taking his picture; and what with its singularity, and the extraordinary workmanship of his arms, they altogether formed so curious an appearance, that they might have been a welcome present to any museum. Some of the Greeks wear immense mustachios; one man I once saw tie them behind his head!"

In their language "Most of the words which

imply luxuries of any sort are from the Italian; many others are Latin; and, in fact, every nation under whose yoke the Greeks have fallen appear to have bequeathed them some words of their language; but that which is most singular, is, that many words of the first necessity, such as house, which in modern Greek is 'speetie,' should be totally different from the ancient. At this time there are many well-informed men in Greece who are endeavouring to correct the present language, and assimilate it as much as possible with the ancient Greek. In some parts, they have a curious manner of transforming our Christian names; as Katherine, they call Catinka; John, Yani; and Mary, Mariyonka. Demetrius is one of their most favourite names. There are now some literary men who are rising in Greece, and whose works are published in the Greek language, which is purified as much as possible, retaining sufficient of its present corruption only as is necessary to render it comprehensible to the natives. This is the case also with all the public ordinances, police regulations, &c. Amongst their favourite authors, is one named Souzzo, whose poetry has been much admired; he has also published a novel, and was preparing another at the time I quitted Greece, which was to be partly historical."

From Greece, respecting which these are the best selections we can offer, Mr. Hervé went to Smyrna, where he staid some months, and tells us a number of stories about the inhabitants. From Smyrna, his next step was to Constantinople; and as we have given his portrait of one sovereign, we shall give one of a greater monarch, though far deteriorated below the line of preceding travellers: but this and a brief conclusion must be reserved for No. 1065.

Fragments and Fancies. By the Lady E. Stuart Wortley. 8vo. pp. 142. London, 1837. Saunders and Odey.

WE believe that there are many to whom the sweet world of poetry is a fountain sealed; they know nothing of the soft and glittering waters whose dew has never fallen, whose light has never played around their dry and dusty path. We pity them, for to how many delicious sensations are they strangers! This is not the case with the graceful writer whose pages are filled with that susceptibility to natural loveliness—that keen, but elevated feeling, which is at once the instinct and the inspiration of poetry. Truly may the poet say to the beautiful world around him,

"'Twas but as the wind passing carelessly over,
And all the wild music it waked was thy own."

He does but find voice to the deep harmonies of nature. Lady Emmeline is obviously keenly alive to all the influences of nature: the landscape golden with sunshine; the flower breathing of the sweet and subtle life within; and the wind that brings unknown melodies—all of these call upon the spirit within her; and the result is such songs as the following:—

"What shall be Mixed?

The dove—the fond, fond turtle-dove—

What truth dwells in her breast!

Oh! what a shrine of perfect love

Must be her hallowed nest!

Lovingly piles she her sweet care

Midst the deep greenwood shades;

And Love's own brightest star shines there,

The star that never fades!

The lark—the glad rejoicing lark—

He makes the sky his own,

And soars from earth the dim and dark,

And mounts as to a throne!

Heaven, earth, and air, resounding ring

With his triumphant strains;

Then who can think of such a thing

As sorrow—or as pain?

The rose shines forth in splendour bright—
Fairest of flowers that blow—
It is a rich and rare delight
To gaze on that red glow!

The queen of gardens and of bowers,
She reigns with tenderest sway;
And all the radiant tribe of flowers
To her must homage pay.

The dew-drop sparkles on the leaf
Ere yet its life is o'er;
For fragile is that life, and brief—
A moment—and no more!

But oh! thou gentle turtle-dove,
Ere long must thou depart;
And who shall miss the perfect love
That heaves thy little heart?

And, lark! rejoicing, rapturous bird,
When death shall be thy share—
When thy deep song no more is heard,
Shalt thou be missed in air?

Rose! loveliest, sweetest of all flowers,
When thou hast drooped and died,
Shalt thou be mourned for in the bowers,
With all thy bloom and pride?

Bright dew-drop!—when the next fair spring
Calls forth each flower that blows,
Shalt thou be needed, then, to fling
Sweet coolness o'er their brows?

Nothing is missed—and nothing mourned—
Soon is filled up the place
Of all that once the earth adorned—
While race succeeds to race.

White tribes of turtle-doves shall pour
Their souls on love away,
Feeling as thou hast felt before—
Thou feel'st, sweet bird—to-day!

Thousands of larks shall mount as high,
And sing a strain as clear,
And weave as rich a harmony
As thine, which now I hear.

Thousands of joyous larks shall spring
To where morn's sunbeams shine;
Upon as strong and free a wing
With hearts as light as thine.

Scores of bright roses shall unfold,
And blush with crimson glow,
When thou dost thy rich smile withhold,
Sweet rose, so radiant now!

Myriads of dew-drops yet shall shine,
Like studs of sunny light,
With sparkling brilliancy like thine,
Fair dew-drop—now so bright!

Love—beauty—music—purity—
These things shall ever last;
These things shall never, never die,
For them there is no past!

And, oh! 'twould be a wretched thing
If these indeed could pass,
Like earth's frail children withering—
But they are of loftier class!

They still shall last, and they shall live,
Though all around them die;
Their mortal tenements survive
And light the eternity!

The lark may die who sweetly sung,
For him shall day grow dim;
But though that living lyre's unstrung,
Music dies not with him!

This rose shall fade, which hues of light
On all seems to confer;
But though the bear decay's dull blight,
Beauty dies not with her!

The dew-drop may be quickly dried
Beneath noon's flaming sky;
But though no more with that allied,
Purity shall not die!

Death will smite rose the turtle-dove,
And still her throbbing heart;
But the everlasting soul of love
Shall ne'er from earth depart!"

"The Grave of the Gifted."

A grave for the gifted!—where, where shall it be?
By the echoing shores of the hollow-voiced sea?
Oh, no! let those ashes at last sink in rest—
Now the strong passion-whirlwinds have died in her breast!

For the gifted and beautiful lost one—a grave,
But not in the precincts of ocean's hoar wave;
Too much of life's tempests and tumults she knew,
Let her sleep 'neath the skies' gracious weepings of dew!

Like a bird from the storms—all awaried, o'erworn—
To a nest of repose be the lovely one borne,
Where no loud savage storm shakes the moon-lighted air,
But the breeze a sweet message from heaven's shore shall bear!

A grave for the gifted!—where, where shall it be?
Where the bright summer-treasures yield wealth to the tree—
Where the faint-thrilling voice of some fountain is heard,
And the rich air is rent by night's passionate bird.

Where old chestnut-trees shed round a twilight of gloom,
Which doth hallow and mellow the wild flower's meek bloom;

Where the fragrant spring-rains dance in joy to earth's breast—
Sweet earth!—with a blossomy richness oppressed.

Where the whitest of roses undazzlingly blow
More pure and more soft than the enwreathed mountain snow;

Where the starlight still tremblingly signal the hours,
And throw sudden gleams o'er the wood-bosomed bowers.

Where the sunflower shall burn, and the lily shall bend,
And the acacia its leaves with the willow shall blend!

Oh! the old kingly laurel's illustrious gloom
Overshadowed her life—be that far from her tomb!
A grave for the gifted!—a grave for the young!
Since sealed the pure lips that so thrillingly sung;
But far from the laurel, the tempest, the billow,
Where stillness is deepest, there spread ye her pillow!"

"No More!"

No more!—Oh! it must be no more!—
That precious dreaming o'er that precious love!

Must, then, such mighty happiness be o'er—
And must my heart walk like a wounded dove

No more?—Oh! it must be no more!

Ne'er shall I know its kindling might again!—
That heart-quake of young passion in its power;

But faintly droop as flowers beneath the rain,
And die in dreams of that last meeting-hour

No more!—Oh! it must be no more!

And spring is here, bewilderingly bright—
A laughing world of sunshine and of rose

Greets every where the heart, and thought, and sight;
But all in vain—naught brings me now repose,

No more!—Oh! it must be no more!

Oh! the unburied dreams that haunt my mind,
Spring, with thy scent-charged flowers, do thou en-

chain.

Nor let me mourn, heart-wasted, unresigned,
What mourning never can bring back again.

No more!—Oh! it must be no more!

Past—perished—now—for evermore—and past—
That costly consciousness of answered love!

Let my heart tremble into rest at last,
And wear the chains it unsuspecting wove!

No more!—Oh! hope must be no more!"

There are some fine passages in "Churchyard Contemplations," but they should be read together; and we close the volume with gratitude to the fair writer, and a sure hope that we shall soon have to welcome "the gifted one" again.

The Authors of England. A Series of Medalion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters, engraved from the Works of British Artists. By Achilles Collas. With illustrative Notices by H. F. Chorley. 4to. pp. 105. London, Tilt.

MRS. HEMANS, Scott, Byron, Southey, Lady Blessington, Coleridge, E. L. Bulwer, Lady Morgan, Shelley, Moore, Lamb, Miss Mitford, Campbell, and Wordsworth, are the components of this volume, in steel and letter-press. Of the latter, little need be said, but that it is as complimentary and flattering as biography or tombstone could desire: indeed, as long memoirs abound of nearly every one of the individuals here collected and bound together—it would be a treat to see them all at the same table, or in the same room.—Mr. Chorley had it not in his power to do much with his task.

It was only necessary to exercise prudence, to suppress rather than enlarge, and to be ignorant rather than inquisitive after intelligence; and so to get through with contentment to himself, his employers, and his subjects. He deserves praise:—and we shall only quote one passage, which has amused us. It occurs in the notice of Scott; where, having particularised certain characters in his works, his biographer tells us, with genuine Irish naïveté—"Our examples have been purposely selected at random, and from the later as well as the earlier novels, to shew," &c. &c. On the author's comparing the writings both of Lady Morgan and of Bulwer to Marmontel, and of his thinking Miss Mitford the *Claude*! of village painters, remark would be wasted; but the lovers of

similes of dissimilitude must appreciate them highly.

We have now a few words to offer on the medallion portraits. Medallions they may be called; but to the name of portraits, if by that is meant "taken from the life," they have no pretension whatever. Mrs. Hemans and Mr. Bulwer are just passable. Scott's is a heavy, unmeaning profile. Byron resembles no Byron ever seen before, and the mouth, his most expressive feature, is defective. Southey is gratuitously endowed with a great Roman nose, and Lady Blessington is allowed hardly a nose at all, but favoured with a twist in the shoulder; we must confess as fair an aim as could be found for machine distortion. Coleridge and Moore have not a feature of the originals by which they could be sworn to by their most intimate friends; and Charles Lamb is so like John Kemble, that the print may be sold for either; but, in the way of honesty, should only be sold for the last. If it were not for a huge ear, Lady Morgan's head would do for one of the "Gems of Beauty;" perhaps Parris may get her ladyship to sit to him as a model for next year. Shelley has a droll fat-cheeked face, and a marble wig; while Miss Mitford has ditto, with a marble cap to match. Poor Campbell would not know himself; and Wordsworth is a superb caricature, with a shadow between his brow and his nose, meant, we suppose, to intimate a lake, and thus the poetical school to which he belongs.

At the tail of these abortions is a sheet of engravings, of which one, of the *Ariadne*, is inscribed, "Answer to Mr. Bates's Challenge, *Literary Gazette*, No. 1047, February 11, 1837;" and it is just such an answer as might have been expected, even after taking eight months to consider. Half a dozen countenances, rather more distorted than those intended to be real likenesses of the individuals in the body of the work, give about such an answer to that challenge, as if an impertinent fellow, being challenged, instead of meeting, *made faces* at his challenger. But, lest this mode of rebuff should be deemed insufficient, there is a long "memorial of facts" (?) about the process of M. Collas, superadded; to which, if need be, we may hereafter turn; but, in the meantime, think it quite sufficient to refer to the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1047, and the splendid example of engravings by Bates's machine which is given with that Number.

Gems of Beauty displayed in a Series of Twelve highly finished Engravings of the Passions. From Designs by E. T. Parris, Esq. With fanciful Illustrations, in Verse, by the Countess of Blessington. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; New York, Appleton and Co.

In this beautiful volume, the fertile pencil of Parris has embodied twelve subjects,* certainly not new to the Arts, but treated in a manner at once so characteristic, and yet so original, as to reflect honour even upon his abundant invention and genius. Every figure and group is feminine (with the exception of a dead warrior in "Despair," and a cavalier in the distance in "Envy"); and, conjoined with these, "Affection" made maternal; "Anger," "Pity," "Jealousy," "Hope," "Cheerfulness," "Remorse," "Joy," "Fear," and "Love," are severally represented in the most expressive and delightful style. Where all is

* We have employed the word subjects because we are not clear that *Cheerfulness*, for example, can be called a passion; or, could we say the passion of Affection?—Ed. L. G.

so charming, it is hardly worth while to point at separate instances of gracefulness and taste; but we may notice the dog in the group of Affection, as finely enhancing the story it tells—the waned moon at the casement in that of Jealousy—and the specks of vessels beyond the lighthouse in that of Hope—as simple instances of the skill with which talent induces the slightest accessories to add to the effect of its principal sim. Of the various plates we can scarcely tell which we most admire; for it is not easy to choose among so many lovely countenances and attractive forms. First, the pretty pouting girl, in Anger, excites the wish to dissipate her resentment; then the dreaming happiness in Jealousy, is most seductive; even the misery of Despair cannot repel the desire to alleviate distress in so sweet a bosom; and Envy looks so like disdain also, that we are not sure we should dislike an attempt to change the feeling in one apparently so framed for softer emotions.

To illustrate these *Gems*, Lady Blessington has exercised her poetic powers in brief, but appropriate and descriptive verse. Need we say, coming from her pen, that elegance, tenderness, and mind, are obvious throughout? From the pieces we select Hope as an example; merely remarking that, as, in one of the figures in Cheerfulness, we recognise a hint of attitude well taken from Sir Joshua's Comic Muse, so, in this of Hope, a grateful remembrance is recalled of one of Lawrence's most admirable productions.

"Hope."

Whither, Siren, roamest thou,
With bright eye, and open brow,
Leading Infancy along
With thy sweet, entrancing song?
Fair deceiver! dost thou go
To the mourner, murmuring low,
By his bed of care and pain,
'Sleep! the spring shall come again?'
Send'st thou o'er the angry sea,
Dreams of hamlet, field, and tree,
Say'st thou, 'Drop not, home is near!'
To the storm-worn voyager?
Tell'st thou Love of sunny hours
By calm lakes, in garden bowers,
(Far away Contempt and Pride),
With the peerless at his side?
Or, in clarion-music loud,
Dost thou call to warrior proud,
'Lo! thy fame!'—or miser cold
Startlest with the chink of gold?
Or for him, who all his nights
Keeps a vigil shared by sprites—
The pale poet—through the gloom
Build'st thou up a laurelled tomb?
Dreams—all dreams—yet who could say,
Flatterer, thy false music stay?
Who could break thy wand? not I—
Cheat me, dear one, till I die!

The Assembled Commons; or, Parliamentary Biographer: with an Abstract of the Law of Election, and the Usages of Parliament. By a Member of the Middle Temple. 18mo. pp. 311. London, 1837. Scott and Co.

THE parliament so soon about to assemble has occasioned more speculation, excited more warmth, and created more intense anxiety, than any parliament convened within the memory of the existing generation, and appears pregnant with more important results than have sprung from any one recorded in the pages of our history, not even excepting that which restored in triumph, nor that which expelled in disgrace, the royal but ill-fated house of Stuart. The *Literary Gazette* is not political, and ours, thank Heaven, is a more peaceful sphere; but, in a season like this, we must feel in common with our countrymen; we must participate in their hopes and their fears; we must take a deep and vital interest in what so deeply and vitally affects all; in brief, we must, more or

less, inhale the atmosphere by which we are surrounded; and, feeling and breathing thus, we have no hesitation in acknowledging that we do entertain much anxiety regarding the new parliament, and that every thing appertaining to it is at this moment of great and absorbing interest. These observations have been called forth by the little unpretending volume we are about to recommend to our readers,—*The Assembled Commons*, which, though small and unassuming, comprises within its closely printed and well-digested pages as much information as could properly be collected upon so important a subject. It professes to be no more than a biographical epitome of the House of Commons; but the word epitome comprehends the connexions, pedigrees, influence (personal and family) of each individual member, and thus lays bare the springs by which, in all human probability, he is likely to be moved, the lights which are to guide him through the political labyrinth. But, to convey at once to our readers the skill and intelligence of the author, we shall conclude with a few specimens which, we have little doubt, will induce them to become better acquainted with him.

"*Morpeth, Visc.* (West Riding of Yorkshire).—Lord Morpeth, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is the eldest son of the present Earl of Carlisle, nephew of the Duke of Devonshire, and grandson of Frederic, Lord Carlisle, the kinsman and guardian of Lord Byron. With a splendour of descent almost unequalled, in possession of the highest honours and of abundant wealth, his lordship has never relaxed in his efforts to deserve reputation by his personal worth. After a brilliant university career, Lord Morpeth entered upon public life, and has acquired fame in both the literary and political world. His direct ancestor, the celebrated Earl of Surrey, a poet of taste and refinement, at a period when our literature was rude and barbarous, married the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford, and had a son, Thomas, 4th Duke of Norfolk, who left three sons—Philip, progenitor of the ducal house, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, and William, from whom descend the Earl of Carlisle, and the Howards of Corby Castle. Lord Morpeth was born April 18, 1802. (Castle Howard, Yorkshire.)"

"*Knight* (North Notts).—Henry Gally Knight, Esq. of Langold and Firbeck, was first elected for Nottinghamshire, in March 1835, and acts with the Tory party. The hon. gentleman has acquired literary reputation, and published, on his return from travelling in Greece, Syria, &c. a volume of poems under the title of "*Eastern Sketches*." He is only son of the late Henry Gally Knight, Esq. barrister-at-law, by Selina his wife, sister of Lord St. Helen's, and grandson of the Rev. Henry Gally, D.D. chaplain in ordinary to George II. distinguished among the literati of his day, who married Elizabeth, only sister and heir of Ralph Knight, Esq. of Langold, and granddaughter of Sir Ralph Knight of Langold, the parliamentarian. The Gallys were one of those refugee families which sought an asylum in England on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Mr. Gally Knight succeeded to his extensive estates on the death of his father in 1808, and married Henrietta, youngest daughter and co-heir of Anthony Hardolph Eyre, Esq. of Grove. (Firbeck Hall, near Bawtry.)"

"*Mahon, Visc.* (Hertford).—Lord Mahon, Under Secretary of State for the Foreign Department during the continuance of Sir Robert Peel's government, is the son and heir of the

present Earl Stanhope, grandson of the late highly gifted earl, and nearly allied to the families of Cavendish, Grenville, and Pitt. The descendant of a race of distinguished ancestors, his lordship aspired early in life to literary reputation, and proved, by his '*Life of Belisarius*,' and his '*History of the War of the Succession*,' the solidity of the foundation upon which those aspirations were based. His great-grandfather was the celebrated General Stanhope, commander-in-chief of the British forces in Spain, towards the close of the eventful contest of which his descendant is the historian. That distinguished officer obtained considerable renown by the reduction of Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, and was subsequently prime minister to George I. Lord Mahon was born Jan. 31, 1805, and married in 1834, Emily Harriet, daughter of Major-General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart. (Cheverning, near Seven Oaks)."

"*Pakington* (Droitwich).—John Somerset Pakington, Esq. of Westwood House, the new member for Droitwich, is son of William Russell, Esq. of Powick Court, in the county of Worcester, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Herbert Perrot Pakington, Bart. of Westwood, and assumed his present surname as heir to his uncle, the late Sir John Pakington, Bart. He married Miss Slaney, and has issue. The founder of the fortunes of the house of Pakington was Sir John Pakington, a lawyer, who, in the reign of Henry VIII. was chirographer in the Court of Common Pleas, and died possessed of large acquired estates. His brother and heir, Robert Pakington, M.P. for London, was grandfather of Sir John Pakington, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. Sir Herbert Pakington, who, as well as his father and grandfather, represented Worcestershire, is said to have been the original from which Addison drew his imimitable '*Sir Roger de Coverley*.'"

"*Mackinnon* (Lymington).—William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq. of Portwood Park, Hants., chief of the clan Mackinnon in the Western Highlands of Scotland, possesses estates in the three kingdoms, and is a magistrate for the counties of Hants, Middlesex, and Essex. He was born in August 1790, and married, in 1812, Emma Mary, only daughter and heiress of Roger Palmer, Esq. of Palmerstown, in the county of Mayo: through this alliance, Mr. Mackinnon will eventually inherit extensive estates in the counties of Mayo, Sligo, and Dublin. The hon. gentleman's brother and uncle were both distinguished military men. The latter, General Mackinnon, lost his life in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo; the former, Colonel Daniel Mackinnon, who commanded the Coldstream Guards, gallantly defended the farm of Hugoumont, at Waterloo, and was there severely wounded. The member for Lymington acts with the Tories, and, during the discussion on Reform, opposed the plan for taking the census of 1821 as the basis of repre-

* "The following interesting anecdote is recorded of this eminent person. Having by this expensive mode of life contracted great debts, he took the wise resolution of retiring into the country, and said he would feed on bread and verjuice till he made up his extravagances; which, coming to the royal ear, the queen gave him a grant of a gentleman's estate in Suffolk, of eight or nine hundred a-year, which had escheated to the crown; but, after he had been there to take possession, he could not behold the miseries of that distressed family without regard and compassion; and the melancholy spectacle of the unhappy lady and her children so effectually wrought upon his feelings, that he resigned immediately to court, and humbly beseeched her majesty to excuse him from enriching himself by the calamities of a gentleman, who fell by a combination of his enemies,—and would not leave the queen till he had obtained his request, which involved the restoration of the property to the rightful owner."

sentation. He formerly sat in parliament for Donwich. (Portswood Park, near Southampton.)

"*Maclean* (Oxford).—Donald Maclean, Esq. of the chancery bar, is second son of Lieutenant-General Sir Fitzroy Grafton Maclean, Bart., of Morvaren, and descends from a family pre-eminently distinguished in the military annals of Scotland. During the civil war, Sir Lachlan Maclean participated in all the triumphs of the great Marquess of Montrose; and under Dundee, Sir John Maclean, with his clan, fought at Killycrankie. In the rising of '15 the same devoted adherent of the Stuarts again enrolled himself under the banner of the de-throned family, and, joining the Earl of Mar, was with that nobleman at Sheriffmuir. The member for Oxford sits for the second time in parliament, and advocates Tory measures. He married, in 1827, Harriet, daughter of General Frederick Maitland, and cousin to the Earl of Lauderdale.

"*Kemble* (Surrey, E).—Henry Kemble, Esq. of Camberwell, stood with Capt. Alsager, on the Tory interest, and defeated, after a severe contest, the Whig candidates, Messrs. King and Angerstein. The father of the hon. member was a tea-broker in the city of London, and well-known as 'Mr. Deputy Kemble,' having held the situation of deputy to the alderman of Cordwainers' ward. At his death, he left considerable property and the business to his two sons, who continued in it until recently, when each retired with a large fortune. (Camberwell, Surrey.)

"*Lewis* (Maidstone).—Wyndham Lewis, Esq. of Greenmeadow, in Glamorganshire, barrister-at-law, son of the Rev. Wyndham Lewis, was elected member for Cardiff in 1820, for Aldburgh in 1827, and for Maidstone first in 1835. He possesses estates in the counties of Glamorgan, Monmouth, Gloucester, and Somerset, and descends from ancestors conspicuous in the most remote period of British history. The chief line, the Lewises of the Van, terminated in an heiress who married the Earl of Plymouth, but the Lanishen branch, from which the hon. member springs, has preserved a male succession. Mr. Lewis was born Oct. 7, 1780, and married in 1815, Mary Anne, only daughter of John Evans, Esq. He acts with the Tories. (Greenmeadow, near Cardiff.)

"*D'Israeli* (Maidstone).—Benjamin D'Israeli, Esq. jun. the new member for Maidstone, offered himself in 1833 and 1834 for the borough of Wycombe, near which town his family reside; but was, each time, defeated by the Hon. Colonel Grey. His politics are Tory. The hon. gentleman is the eldest son of the author of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' and has become himself distinguished as the writer of several works of fiction, 'Vivian Grey,' 'Conatini Fleming,' &c. The member for Maidstone's grandfather was an Italian merchant, of Jewish extraction."

From all these, it will be seen that the biographical notices have not only the excellent quality of being sufficient for the purpose, but the rarer and better one of being unpolitical, impartial, and unprejudiced.

Chelsea Hospital, and its Traditions. By the Author of "The Subaltern," "The Country Curate," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

PUBLISHED at a late hour in our week, we have yet had only time to take a light-horse gallop over these interesting pages; but we have observed enough to see that great pleasure is before us when we shall have time to take a

slow and steady infantry march through them, from the opening to the close. After a curious historical and traditionary account of the origin and progress of Chelsea Hospital, Mr. Gleig launches into stories connected with, or by the names of, some of its earliest inmates, when converted from a theological college, of the time of James I., to an asylum for aged, maimed, and wounded warriors, at the suggestion of Nell Gwynne, by Charles II. A tale of Pontefract Castle, and another of the rising in Kent, admits of striking pictures of the civil wars; and the occupation of Tangiers, and the wars with the Moors, during more than twenty years, are described with a fidelity and vividness which most happily combines national history with individual adventure. It is particularly attractive at this time, when France is playing so nearly similar a game in Africa; and also particularly appropriate, since it was as a provision for the veterans returned from Tangier that Chelsea Hospital was militarily endowed. Then we have in succession admirable accounts of the campaign of Blenheim, and so on till the immortal field of Waterloo concludes the series. The fine invention of the author has supplied the personal and imaginative scenes, and entwined them so naturally with the leading events of the periods he has chosen, that we cannot but believe the whole to be true; and the pensioners, whom he has again endowed with life, and whose lives, thus re-created, he has diversified with such stirring and affecting incidents, to have actually said, done, and endured all that he has told. Thus founded on a solid basis of official* and statistical information, linked with less certain but more piquant traditions, and the outline filled up and peopled with delightful skill, we may safely predict that this work will not only be immediately popular, but will have a continuance of popularity, long extended beyond the usual era of the class of publication under which it seems to range.

Kay's Works, chiefly Edinburgh Portraits, with Biographical Sketches. Part I. Edinburgh, Paton; London, Smith, Elder, and Co. IN the Fine Arts' department of our Number for Sept. 30, we mentioned this curious and characteristic publication, and stated our intention to take an early opportunity of advertising to the biographical sketches which it contained. We think we cannot redeem this pledge more amusingly to our readers, than by extracting a few anecdotes of the whimsical and distinguished personages who are the subjects of the sketches in question.

James Robertson, the Daft† Highland Laird.—"There was one darling wish of his heart that clung to him for many a day, which certainly it was not very easy to gratify. This was his extreme anxiety to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a rebel partisan of the house of Stuart, and a sworn and deadly foe to the reigning dynasty. He was sadly annoyed that nobody would put him in jail as a traitor, or attempt to bring him to trial. It would have been a partial alleviation of his grief, if he could have got any benevolent person to have accused him of treason. It was in vain that he drank healths to the Pretender—in vain that he bawled treason in the streets; there was not one who would lend a helping-hand to procure him the enjoyment of his pains and penalties. The laird, although he uniformly insisted on

being a martyr to the cause of the chevalier, seemed to feel that there was something wanting to complete his pretensions to that character—that it was hardly compatible with the unrestrained liberty he enjoyed, the ease and comfort in which he lived, and the total immunity from any kind of suffering which was permitted him; and hence his anxiety to bring down upon himself the vengeance of the law. Failing, however, in every attempt to provoke the hostility of government, and thinking, in his despair of success, that if he could once again get within the walls of a jail, it would be at any rate something gained; and that his incarceration might lead to the result he was so desirous of obtaining, he fell on the ingenious expedient of running in debt to his landlady, whom, by a threat of non-payment, he induced to incarcerate him. This delightful consummation accordingly took place, and the laird was made happy by having so far got, as he imagined, on the road to martyrdom. It was a very easy matter to get the laird into jail, but it was by no means so easy a one to get him out again; indeed, it was found next to impossible. No entreaties would prevail upon him to quit it, even after the debt for which he was imprisoned was paid. There he insisted on remaining until he should be regularly brought to trial for high treason. At last a stratagem was resorted to, to induce him to remove. One morning two soldiers of the town-guard appeared in his apartment in the prison, and informed him that they had come to escort him to the Justiciary Court, where the judges were assembled, and waiting for his presence, that they might proceed with his trial for high treason. Overjoyed with the delightful intelligence, the laird instantly accompanied the soldiers down stairs, when the latter, having got him fairly outside of the jail, locked the door to prevent his re-entering, and deliberately walked off, leaving the amazed and disappointed candidate for a halter to reflect on the slippery trick that had just been played him."

Lord Kames.—"Notwithstanding the general gravity of his pursuits, his lordship was naturally of a playful disposition, and fond of a harmless practical joke, of which a curious instance is on record. A Mr. Wingate, who had been his private tutor in early life, but who had by no means made himself agreeable to him, called upon him, after he had become eminent in his profession, to take his opinion regarding the validity of certain title-deeds which he held for a sum of money advanced on land. The lawyer, after carefully examining them, looked at his old master with an air of the most profound concern, and expressed a hope that he had not concluded the bargain. The alarmed pedagogue, with a most rueful countenance, answered that he had; when Mr. Home gravely proceeded to entertain him with a luminous exposition of the defects of the deeds, shewing, by a long series of legal and technical objections, that they were not worth the value of the parchment on which they were written. Having enjoyed for some time Wingate's distress, he relieved the sufferer by thus addressing him: 'You may remember, sir, how you made me smart in days of yore for very small offences: now, I think our accounts are closed. Take up your papers, man, and go home with an easy mind: your titles are excellent.' Amongst his lordship's singularities, which were not a few, was an unaccountable predilection for a certain word, more remarkable for its vigour than its elegance, which he used freely even on the bench, where it certainly must have sounded very oddly. This peculiarity is pointed out in

* Lord John Russell liberally opened these sources of intelligence to Mr. Gleig, of which he has made so good a use.—*Ed. L. G.*
† "Daft" means deranged.

the amusing poem, entitled the 'Court of Session Garland,' by James Boswell—

'Alennoor the judgment as illegal blames.
'Tis equity, you b—h,' replies Lord Kames.'

About a week before his death, which was the result of extreme old age, feeling his end approaching, he went to the Court of Session, addressed all the judges separately, told them he was speedily to depart, and bade them a solemn and affectionate farewell. On reaching the door, however, he turned round, and bestowing a last look on his sorrowing brethren, made his exit, exclaiming, 'Fare ye a' weel, ye b—ches!'

Hugo Arnot, Esq.—"In his professional capacity, he was guided by a sense of honour and of moral obligation, to which he never scrupled to sacrifice his interests. He would take in hand no one cause, of the justice and legality of which he was not perfectly satisfied. On one occasion, a case being submitted to his consideration which seemed to him to possess neither of these qualifications—"Pray," said he, with a grave countenance, to the intending litigant, 'what do you suppose me to be?' 'Why,' answered the latter, 'I understand you to be a lawyer.' 'I thought, sir,' said Arnot, sternly, 'you took me for a scoundrel!' The man withdrew, not a little abashed at this plump insinuation of the dishonesty of his intentions. On another occasion, he was waited upon by a lady, not remarkable either for youth, beauty, or good temper, for advice as to her best method of getting rid of the importunities of a rejected admirer; when, after telling her story, the following colloquy took place:—"Ye maun ken, sir," said the lady, 'that I am a namesake o' your ain. I am the chief o' the Arnots.' 'Are you, by Jing?' replied Mr. Arnot. 'Yes, sir, I am; and ye maun just advise me what I ought to do with this impertinent fellow.' 'Oh, marry him, by all means! It's the only way to get quit of his importunities.' 'I would see him hanged first!' replied the lady, with emphatic indignation. 'Nay, madam,' rejoined Mr. Arnot; 'marry him directly, as I said before; and, by the lord Harry! he'll soon hang himself.' The severe athmatic complaint with which he was afflicted subjected him, latterly, to much bodily suffering. When in great pain, one day, from difficulty of breathing, he was annoyed by the bawling of a man selling sand in the streets. 'The rascal!' exclaimed the tortured invalid, at once irritated by the voice, and envious of the power of lungs which occasioned it, 'he spends as much breath in a minute as would serve me for a month!' Mr. Arnot had a habit of ringing his bell with great violence—a habit which much annoyed an old maiden-lady who resided in the floor above him. The lady complained of this annoyance frequently, and implored Mr. Arnot to sound his bell with a more delicate touch: but to no purpose. At length, annoyed in turn by her importunities, which he believed to proceed from mere querulousness, he gave her to understand, in reply to her last message, that he would drop the bell altogether. This he accordingly did; but in its place substituted a pistol, which he fired off whenever he desired the attendance of his servant, to the great alarm of the invalid, who now as earnestly besought the restitution of the bell as she had requested its discontinuance."

Lord Gardenstone.—"In his dress his lordship was exceedingly plain; a circumstance which gave rise to an incident highly characteristic of him, which occurred at one time when he was returning from London. Ob-

serving some young bucks taking inside tickets for the coach in which he was about to travel, he took his for the outside. On arriving at the end of the stage, where the passengers were to breakfast, his lordship, who had been shewn into an inferior room, while his better-dressed fellow-travellers were conducted to the best, called the waiter, and desired him to carry his compliments to the young gentlemen, on whose philanthropy it was his object to make an experiment, and to request that they would permit him to have the honour of breakfasting with them. To this message, precisely such an answer was returned as his lordship expected. It was, that the gentlemen above stairs kept no company with outside passengers. Lord Gardenstone made no reply, but desired the waiter to bring him a *magnum bonum* of claret, and to send the landlord to share it with him; concluding with an order to get a post-chaise and four ready for him immediately. These commands, which very much amazed both mine host and his man, having been in due time complied with, his lordship paid his bill and departed; giving orders, previously, to his coachman, so to manage as to arrive at the stage where his former fellow-travellers would dine precisely at the same time with them, that they might witness the respect which should be paid to him by the landlord, to whom he was known. All this the young bucks accordingly saw, and, having set on foot some inquiries on the subject, they soon discovered their mistake. With the view of atoning for their incivility, they now sent a polite card to Lord Gardenstone, begging his pardon for what had happened in the morning, which they attributed to their ignorance of his quality, and requesting it, as a particular favour, that he would honour them with his company to dinner. To this polite card his lordship returned a verbal answer, that 'he kept no company with people whose pride would not permit them to use their fellow-travellers with civility.'

Dr. Glen.—"He had made a fortune abroad, in the practice of his profession; and, in his latter years, returned to his native country—not to enjoy it. He was twice married. On the second occasion, he had attained the discreet age of seventy; and it is said that, amongst the other soft and captivating things which the venerable lover whispered into the ear of the young lady on whom his choice had fallen, to induce her to receive his addresses, was the promise of a carriage. To this promise the doctor was faithful. The carriage was got, but no horses. 'That's more than I bargained for,' said the doctor; 'I promised a carriage, and there it is: but I promised no horses, neither shall you have them.' And here again the doctor was as good as his word. The consequence was a quarrel with his young wife, aggravated by certain attempts on her part to revolutionise his house. The result may be anticipated: three weeks after the marriage a separation took place, by mutual consent, the husband settling a sufficient alimony on his affectionate spouse."

"Being once troubled with sore eyes, after in vain trying the prescriptions of several physicians, he applied to Dr. Graham, who cured him in a very short time; for which he expressed great gratitude. Wishing to make him some remuneration, he consulted some of the young members of the faculty; and, as the most genteel way of doing what he wished, they recommended him to invite the doctor and a few of his own friends to dinner at Fortune's (the most fashionable tavern at that

time), and provide himself with a handsome purse, containing thirty guineas or so, and offer it to the doctor; which, they assured him, he would not accept. They accordingly met, and, after a few bottles of wine had been drunk, the old doctor called Dr. Graham to the window, and offered him the purse; which he at once accepted, and, with a very low bow, thanked him kindly for it. The doctor was so chagrined that he soon left the company, who continued till a pretty early hour enjoying themselves at his expense."

We wish we could give similar specimens of the plates; which, however, we repeat, are highly amusing.

Lane's Modern Egypt.

[Fourth and concluding notice.]

MUCH as we have been indebted to this work, and generally as it is now known throughout the reading world, we cannot finally take leave of it, without referring to a few parts of the second volume. The hatching of eggs by artificial heat in Egypt is practised to a considerable extent, there being above a hundred establishments for carrying on the process in Lower, and fifty in Upper Egypt. The peasants have a chicken for every two eggs he gives in; and, in March 1831, the general national account stood as follows:

Statement.		Lower Egypt.	Upper Egypt.
Number of establishments for the hatching of fowls' eggs in the present year	}	163	50
Number of eggs used		19,325,600	6,878,000
Number spoiled		6,255,897	2,529,060
Number hatched		13,069,703	4,349,240."

The chapter on Egyptian street cries is very curious; and so is that upon games. Draughts, we observe, are called *da'meh*: in Scotland, they are called *dams*, and the board, the *dam-board*. In *Seega*, another game, played with the holes in the ground, the holes are denominated '*oyoo'n*'—eyes in the plural, and in the singular, '*ey'n*'—almost the Scottish *cen*. Mr. Lane holds, that the gipsies and dancing girls are not an Egyptian race. Their race is involved in obscurity; but they say they are of the famous Bermecide family "of the Arabian Tales," which is, probably, a vain boast. Music, and religious fêtes and festivals, are treated with great interest and ability. Among the latter, the '*Ee'sa'wee'yeh durwee'shes*' are remarkable, and our author says—

"Before I describe the performances of the '*Ee'sa'wee'yeh*, I should mention, that they are a class of *durwee'shes*, of whom all, or almost all, are Mugh'reb'es, or Arabs of Northern Africa, to the west of Egypt. They derive their appellation from the name of their first sheykh, '*Ee'sa*, which is the Arabic name of Jesus, and not uncommon among Moos'lims, as they acknowledge and venerate the Messiah. Their performances are very extraordinary, and one is particularly remarkable. I was very anxious that they should perform, this night, what I here allude to; and I was not disappointed, though I was told that they had not done it in Cairo for several years before. I found about twenty of these *durwee'shes*, variously dressed, sitting upon the floor, close together, in the form of a ring, next to the front wall of the building. Each of them, excepting two, was beating a large *ta'r* (or tam-bourine), rather more than a foot in width, and differing from the common *ta'r*, in being without the tinkling pieces of metal which are attached to the hoop of the latter. One of the two persons mentioned as exceptions was beating a small *ta'r* of the common kind; and the other, a *ba'z*, or little kettle-drum. Before this

ring of durweeshes, a space, rather larger than that which they occupied, was left by the crowd for other durweeshes of the same order; and soon after the former had begun to beat their tambourines, the latter, who were six in number, commenced a strange kind of dance; sometimes exclaiming 'Al'lah!' and sometimes, 'Al'lah Mowla'na!' ('God is our Lord!'). There was no regularity in their dancing; but each seemed to be performing the antics of a madman: now, moving his body up and down; the next moment, turning round; then, using odd gesticulations with his arms; next, jumping; and sometimes, screaming: in short, if a stranger, observing them, were not told that they were performing a religious exercise, supposed to be the involuntary effect of enthusiastic excitement, he would certainly think that these dancing durweeshes were merely striving to excel one another in playing the buffoon: and the manner in which they were clad would conduce to impress him with this idea. One of them wore a kuftha'n without sleeves, and without a girdle, and had nothing on his head, which had not been shaved for about a week: another had a white cotton scull-cap, but was naked from the head to the waist, wearing nothing on his body but a pair of loose drawers. These two durweeshes were the principal performers. The former of them, a dark, spare, middle-aged man, after having danced in his odd manner for a few minutes, and gradually become more wild and extravagant in his actions, rushed towards the ring formed by his brethren who were beating the ta'rs. In the middle of this ring was placed a small chafing-dish of tinned copper, full of red-hot charcoal. From this, the durweesh just mentioned seized a piece of live charcoal, which he put into his mouth; then did the same with another, another, and another, until his mouth was full; when he deliberately chewed these live coals, opening his mouth very wide every moment, to shew its contents, which, after about three minutes, he swallowed; and all this he did without evincing the slightest symptom of pain, appearing, during the operation, and after it, even more lively than before. The other durweesh, before alluded to as half naked, displayed a remarkably fine and vigorous form, and seemed to be in the prime of his age. After having danced not much longer than the former, his actions became so violent, that one of his brethren held him; but he released himself from his grasp, and, rushing towards the chafing-dish, took out one of the largest live coals, and put it into his mouth. He kept his mouth wide open for about two minutes, and during this period, each time that he inhaled, the large coal appeared of almost a white heat; and when he exhaled, numerous sparks were blown out of his mouth. After this, he chewed and swallowed the coal, and then resumed his dancing. When their performance had lasted about half an hour, the durweeshes paused to rest. Before this pause, another party of the same sect had begun to perform, near the centre of the great portico. Of these, I now became a spectator. They had arranged themselves in the same order as the former party. The ring, composed by those who beat the tambourines, consisted of about the same number as in the other company; but the dancers here were about twelve, sometimes less. One of them, a tall man, dressed in a dark woollen gown, and with a bare, shaven head, took from the chafing-dish, which was handed to the dancers, as though it had been a dish of cakes or sweet-meats, a large piece of brilliantly hot coal;

placed it between his teeth, and kept it so for a short time; then drew it upon his tongue, and, keeping his mouth wide open for, I think, more than two minutes, violently inhaled and exhaled, shewing the inside of his mouth like a furnace, and breathing out sparks, as the former durweesh had done, but with less appearance of excitement. Having chewed and swallowed the coal, he joined the ring of the tambourine-players, and sat almost close to my feet. I narrowly watched his countenance, but could not see the least indication of his suffering any pain. After I had witnessed these extraordinary performances for about an hour, both parties of durweeshes stopped to rest; and, as there was nothing more to see worthy of notice, I then quitted the mosque. Sometimes, on this occasion, the 'Ee'sa'wee'eh eat glass as well as fire. One of them, the h'a'gg Mohham'mad Es-Selsa'wee, a man of gigantic stature, who was lamp-lighter in the mosque of the Hhasaney'n, and who died a few years ago, was one of the most famous of the eaters of fire and glass, and celebrated for other performances. Often, when he appeared to become highly excited, he used to spring up to the long bars, or rafters of wood, which extend across the arches above the columns of the mosque, and which are sixteen feet or more from the pavement; and would run along them, from one to another: then, with his finger, wetted in his mouth, he would strike his arm, and cause blood to flow, and by the same means stanch the blood."

The description of the Nile rising, and the cutting of the canal, is worthy of particular attention; but we must pass on to one of the ceremonies on infancy.

"On the Yo'm es-Soboo'ā (or Seventh Day) after the birth of a child, the female friends of its mother pay her a visit. In the families of the higher classes, 'Awa'lim are hired to sing in the hha'ree'm, or A'la'tee'yeh perform, or sick'ees recite a khut'meh, below. The mother, attended by the da'yeh, sits on the koor'see el-wila'deh, in the hope that she may soon have occasion for it again; for her doing this is considered propitious. The child is brought, wrapped in a handsome shawl, or something costly; and, to accustom it to noise, that it may not be frightened afterwards by the music, and other sounds of mirth, one of the women takes a brass mortar, and strikes it repeatedly with the pestle, as if pounding. After this, the child is put into a sieve and shaken, it being supposed that this operation is beneficial to its stomach. Next, it is carried through all the apartments of the hha'ree'm, accompanied by several women or girls, each of whom bears a number of wax candles, sometimes of various colours, cut in two, lighted, and stuck into small lumps of paste of hhen'na, upon a small round tray. At the same time the da'yeh, or another female, sprinkles, upon the floor of each room, a mixture of salt and seed of the fennel-flower, saying, as she does this, 'The salt be in the eye of whoever does not bless the prophet!' or, 'The foul salt in the eye of the envious!' This ceremony of the sprinkling of salt is considered a preservative, for the child and mother, from the evil eye."

How would our English mothers like their offspring to be sifted in a sieve? At the period of death, as at that of birth, there are several striking observances. The ima'm at the mosque stands beside the bier of the dead, and, among other prayers, says, in a fine scriptural language—

"O God, verily this is thy servant, and son of thy servant: he hath departed from the re-

pose of the world, and from its business, and from whatever he loved, and from those by whom he was loved in it, to the darkness of the grave, and to what is prepared for him. He did testify that there is no deity but Thee: that Thou hast no companion: and that Mohham'mad is thy servant and thy apostle: and Thou art all-knowing respecting him. O God, he hath gone to abide with Thee: and Thou art the best with whom to abide. He hath become in need of thy mercy; and Thou hast no need of his punishment. We have come to Thee supplicating that we may intercede for him. O God, if he were a doer of good, over-reckon his good deeds; and if he were an evil-doer, pass over his evil-doings, and of thy mercy grant him thy acceptance, and spare him the trial of the grave, and its torment; and make his grave wide to him, and keep back the earth from his sides;* and of thy mercy grant him security from thy torment, until Thou send him safely to thy Paradise, O Thou most merciful of those who shew mercy!"

We lament that we cannot even enter upon the important supplement which treats of the Copts, now only about a fourteenth of the population of Egypt, or some 15,000, though evidently very numerous a few centuries ago. They are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, though not an unmixed race: the Nubians, and next to them the Abyssinians, bearing the strongest resemblance to the original people. The mummies prove this. Among their singular tenets, we may briefly notice, that—

"It is a prevailing belief among the Copts, that, if a child die unbaptised, it will be blind in the next life, and the parents are held guilty of a sin, for which they must do penance, either by repeating many prayers, or by fasting."

"The Coptic language gradually fell into disuse after the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs. For two centuries after that event, it appears to have been the only language that the generality of the Copts understood; but before the tenth century of our era, most of the inhabitants of Lower Egypt had ceased to speak and understand it; though, in the Sa'eed (or Upper Egypt), El-Muckree'zee tells, the women and children of the Copts, in his time (that is, about the close of the fourteenth century of our era, or the early part of the fifteenth), scarcely spoke any other language than the Sa'eed Coptic, and had a complete knowledge of the Greek. Soon after this period, the Coptic language fell into disuse in Upper Egypt, as it had done so long before in the Lower Provinces; and the Arabic was adopted in its stead. All the Copts who have been instructed at a school still pray, both in the church and in private, in Coptic; and the Scriptures are still always read in the churches in that language; but they are explained, from books, in Arabic. Many books, for the use of priests and other persons, are written in the Coptic language, expressed in Arabic characters."

"The Copts are not now despised and degraded by the government, as they were a few years ago. Some of them have even been raised to the rank of Beys."

"One of the most remarkable traits in the character of the Copts is their bigotry. They bear a bitter hatred to all other Christians; even exceeding that with which the Moslems regard the unbelievers in el-Islam. Yet they

* "It is believed that the body of the wicked is painfully oppressed by the earth against its sides in the grave, though this is always made hollow."

are considered, by the Mooslims, as much more inclined than other Christian sects to the Mohammedan faith—and this opinion has not been formed without reason,—for vast numbers of them have, from time to time, and not always in consequence of persecution, become proselytes to this religion. They are, generally speaking, of a sullen temper, extremely avaricious, and abominable dissemblers; cringing or domineering according to circumstances.*

A second and shorter supplement relates to the Jews;* of whom, however, there are only about 5000 in the land, and these chiefly in Cairo, residing in a close and dirty quarter of the metropolis. But we must now take our leave of this truly valuable work, in which information and amusement are so intimately blended, and so pervading, that we could not turn any two pages without finding them both. So long as Egypt remains a country, so long will Mr. Lane's volumes be consulted, as a curious and faithful picture of its past history and existing form at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Oriental Annual, or Scenes in India. By the Rev. Hobart Caunter. 1838. Churton. THIS volume is exactly what it has been every preceding year. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more beautiful work: the binding is perfect; and, provided its readers (pardon the bull) never read it, the whole would be unexceptionable. But we cannot imagine what ever induced Mr. Hobart Caunter to turn author, he not having one single natural requisite for the calling. He has neither invention nor style. By diffuse reading, he collects together a vast quantity of material, and, out of that, he constructs his annual. His books always put us in mind of a story told of one of our modern dramatists. A friend called on him one day, found him with a large pair of scissors in his hand, and a number of books lying open before him. His friend spoke—no answer—he spoke. "Hush," exclaimed the author; "don't you see that I am composing." Now, Mr. Hobart Caunter composes on exactly similar principles.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. Pp. 306. London, Moxon.

A BEAUTIFULLY got up edition of this popular poet, with charming engravings; and, altogether, doing honour to the publisher, though he has already given us so many elegant and delightful works.

The Flora of Jamaica; a Description of the Plants of that Island, &c. &c. By James Macfayden, M.D. 8vo. pp. 351. London, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; Glasgow, Smith and Son.

A VERY full and satisfactory filling up of a botanical desideratum, which has long been felt by the scientific world. In every point of view, and not the least as it regards the medical properties of plants, many of them very little known, this volume is well worthy of public attention.

The Life and Times of the Rev. G. Whitfield, M.A. By R. Philip, author of "The Experimental Guides," &c. 8vo. pp. 568. London, 1837. Virtue.

THESE records of Reed's "Seraphic Man" are chiefly compiled from his own pen; and what

* Some months ago we received the following note from an anonymous hand:—"Mohemet Ali has, within the last four years, evinced the most generous disposition towards the Jews and Christians who are subject to his sway, and who were previously exposed to the rapacity of some local authorities in Lydia, Palestine, and Egypt."

is added, either for connexion or in further elucidation of circumstance, is done in his own spirit. It is a striking narration, and shews what may be done by the energy of one remarkable and enthusiastic individual.

Lodge's Genealogy of the Peerage. Saunders and Otley.

A SIXTH edition, and well meriting to run on to a sixteenth.

Hints to Mothers, &c., by Dr. Thomas Bull, &c. Pp. 175. (London, Longman and Co.)—An accoucheur subject we cannot meddle with.

The Three Opinions: Tory, Whig, Radical, by A. C. Jobert. Pp. 85. (London, Wilson.)—A pamphlet on the Radical side, with some truisms and some deductions not warranted by their premises.

The Student's Companion to Apothecary's Hall, by E. Oliver. Pp. 189. (London, Churchill.)—A useful little guide for apothecaries, druggists, &c. to the Pharmacopoeia of 1836.

The Book of Banners. Pp. 48. (Windsor, Brown.)—A metrical description of the armorial bearings of all the knights of the garter, some of whom seem to have arms and mottoes not applicable to them; but others, such as would far better fit the original grantees than their living successors. So much so, indeed, as to be ludicrous, and almost satirical. The design, however, is ingenious, and the lines afford good aid to the memory.

Dr. Elliottson's Human Physiology, Part II: containing the Animal Functions. (London, Longman and Co.)—The words "fifth edition" in this, as in other similarly fortunate cases, may well stand for our critique.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

October 24, 1837.

SIR,—In Prior's "Life of Goldsmith," vol. ii. p. 210, occurs the following passage:—"In the commencement of the present century, a short letter, dated from the Isle of Wight, signed with the letter D., and addressed to the editor of a newspaper, introduced the following lines as a production of Goldsmith; and they have, in consequence, been included in some late editions of his works, though, the authority being anonymous, they are not admitted into that which accompanies these volumes.

"'E'en have you seen bath'd in the morning dew
The budding rose its infant bloom display,
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.
So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gas'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak."

Now, sir, I think I may say it is quite evident that this can be but a fragment, whoever was the author. I find, however, the latter of these two stanzas forming the conclusion of a very beautiful glee of Stafford Smith's.

"Return, blest days, return, ye laughing hours,
Which led me up the rosy steep of youth,
Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,
And bade me court chaste Science and fair Truth!
Witness, ye winged daughters of the year,
If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast,
If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
Till Cynthia came, and robb'd my soul of rest.
So soft, so delicate, so sweet," &c. &c.

Stafford Smith, like all other composers, took only those parts of the poem which were available for the purposes he had in view; he has, therefore, omitted the stanza, "'E'en have you seen," &c.; but if you restore it to its place, the four stanzas appear to form a perfect piece; the "Cynthia" of the second stanza being the she of the fourth, who came so soft, so delicate, so sweet, &c. This glee of Stafford Smith's gained the prize in 1777, and on the copy which I have, the words are said to be by Dr. Percy. I have no copy by me of Dr. Percy's works, and cannot investigate the matter further; but there seems to be one circumstance in favour of this appropriation. Dr. Percy became Bishop of Dromore in 1782; since which he has been universally designated as *Bishop Percy*; but, as on the copy of the glee above-mentioned, he is called Dr. Percy, I am inclined

to believe that the lines were known to be his, before he became a bishop; and, therefore, at a time when the authorship could not be doubtful.

At page 399 of the same volume, you will find the following in a note:—

"Hannah More, in her correspondence, points strongly to the jealous temper of Cumberland. To Wm. Gray, Esq. of York, she writes, August 14, 1809:—"I have never written, and, by the grace of God, I never will write a line in my own vindication, though Mr. Cumberland, in his last review, talks of my suckling babes of grace, and making hell-broth; advises the bishop against a book which is intended to overturn the church; that the deepest mischiefs lurk in every page of 'Celebs'; and, as the book is in every body's hands, he feels it his duty to say, *caveat emptor*. My dear sir, shall I not pity the poor man, on the borders of fourscore, who could write such a criticism, after having written a poem called 'Calvary'? Alas! poor human nature, that he has not forgiven, at the end of thirty years, that, in my gay and youthful days, a tragedy of mine was preferred to one of his, which, perhaps, better deserved success."

I have not had courage to attack Mr. Roberts's interminable work, and cannot refer to it at the moment; I must, therefore, take it for granted, that the above is a correct quotation. Now, would not any one, on reading it, conclude that Hannah More had seen the critique in question, and had stated nothing more than fact? Such, however, is far from being the case. She is not spoken of, as making hell-broth, nor did Cumberland write a syllable of the article. He was, certainly, in a very high degree responsible for all that appeared in a review of which he was editor; but he avoided much responsibility by prefixing to every article in his review the name of the writer. Had, then, Hannah More seen the review of which she complains, she would have been informed that the real culprit was Mr. G. H. Crowe, eldest son of the late public orator at Oxford. In the year 1811 or 1812, when I was a mere lad, the book was lent to me by a brother of Mr. Crowe's, and, being much amused with it, I took the trouble to copy the whole of the article, which MS. I have now lying before me. The truth appears to be that (to use a vulgar expression) there was no love lost between Cumberland and Hannah More; that he omitted no opportunity of giving her a slap; and, in the present instance, he was delighted at finding a young author, who, whatever were his critical powers, certainly wielded the weapon of ridicule with tolerable success,—and that she was not behind in retaliating upon him; but as this was always done in a spirit of meekness and christian charity, it was not necessary to be so over scrupulous as to verify to the letter the facts with which she charged him.—I am, &c., F. B.

As a specimen of Mr. Crowe's critique, I copy the parts in which he talks about *suckling babes of grace* and *making hell-broth*. See the quotation above, from Hannah More's letter to Mr. Gray.

"There is a sort of quackery in all trades, which is well understood in the present day; and it is wonderful how easily the public is lulled by it—how easily deceived by shadows, and imposed on by appearances. The keeper of a lottery office hires a man with a lucky name to be his partner; the publican takes advantage of popular enthusiasm, and invites customers by adopting for his sign the favourite hero of the day; the practised dealer in literature acts on the same principle. To have fairly

and candidly entitled the work now under consideration, "Serious Dialogues on Faith and Good Works" (and, in fact, this is the only title which can with propriety be given to it), would neither have answered the author's nor the bookseller's purpose. The sale would have been chiefly confined to that particular class of whom the author may justly be considered the principal luminary; and, as they are already enlightened on the subject which the work discusses, to them it would neither have been new nor necessary. But the author had, probably, good reason to know, that there is a much more numerous class of persons, to whom a bachelor in search of a wife is an object of the highest interest; that such persons devour, with the greatest avidity, every thing which is presented to them in the shape of a novel, and that their appetites would be rendered still keener, where the present pleasure would be heightened by the anticipation of future profit; where, in fact, they might expect to learn what in such a search a bachelor would be most likely to look for, and might prepare themselves accordingly. Nor could it escape observation, that this curiosity would be greatly heightened, if the work were represented to be the production of one, whose opinion on such a subject, any peculiar circumstances of character or conduct might have rendered particularly interesting. For such a purpose, no name could have been so happily chosen as that of Miss Hannah More, whose wisdom, virtue, and piety, have been held forth as patterns which people would do well to imitate, but could scarcely hope to equal; who, after a long life of unrelenting celibacy (let the world say what it will), is still the good Miss Hannah, propagating nothing but novels for convicticlers, and suckling none but babes of grace with the pure milk of Divine love. It must be evident, how eagerly the supposed opinion of such persons on such a subject would be consulted; most people would be curious to know her thoughts on a matter respecting which there was so little reason to suppose she had thought at all. It is immaterial to the question, whether Miss More is in reality the author of the work; it was sufficient to produce the necessary effect that she is the reputed author. Yet even her name would not have given circulation to the work, but for the false colours under which it was launched. Cœlebs would have sought a wife to little purpose, perhaps, had he not been reported to be the offspring of Miss Hannah; and her offspring would not have been noticed at all, had he not assumed an appearance and title to which he has not the least pretension. By this combination, however, the opinions and principles of the author, whoever the author may be, have been more widely disseminated than they could have been in any other way; for they were presented under a disguise which excited no suspicion, and have been, in consequence, admitted into all company. Yet it is difficult to reconcile such a proceeding with the express declaration of the author, that there is no such thing as a harmless falsehood (vol. ii. p. 92); that even if by falsehood a life could be preserved, or one's country saved, a lie would not be allowable (p. 94). Now, though it would be a want of charity to suppose that the author's motives for deviating from the strict rule here laid down were not in themselves well intentioned, it would be a want of common sense not to perceive the deviation. That which, from the title, would be concluded to be the principal subject of the work, forms the least and most subordinate part of it: on the same principle, the whole tragedy of Macbeth, because it contains the witches' in-

cantation over their caldron, might be hashed up into some new system of domestic cookery, and entitled, *a curious receipt to make hell-broth*. The author is aware of these objections, and attempts a defence; but no defence had been necessary, had no deception been practised. The reader is told, "that he must not look for adventures, but content himself with the everyday details of common life." (Pref. p. 4.) "It is anticipated that the novel reader will reject the work as dull" (Pref. p. 5); "but," it is added, "to entertain that description of readers makes no part of my design." Now, if it was not the author's intention to attract the novel readers, why is the appearance and character of a novel so studiously given to the work? And it is only from the consciousness of this intention, that the work really has this appearance, that the author could suppose it was likely to fall into the hands of the novel reader, from whose criticism it had been secure, and by whose eyes it had not been profaned, had not its serious character been concealed under a mask. It is as if a drunkard were enticed into a house by a sign, with the usual inscription of "Good entertainment for man and horse," and, upon entering, should find himself in a Methodist meeting. The man, perhaps, had better be there than at the public house; but, according to our author, he ought not to have been kidnapped into serious company.

ADAM'S PEAK: CEYLON.

The following narrative of an excursion to the celebrated mountain called Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, will, we trust, be acceptable to our readers, as it contains some curious notices of the natives, and marks the improvements so surely and gradually taking place in the island.
—Ed. L. G.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion with his excellency, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, to Adam's Peak, and, perhaps, a short account of our trip may not be uninteresting to you. We started on the 17th of February last, taking the new line of a road that has just been traced from Colombo to Ratnapoora, in the Saffragam district, a distance of about sixty-two miles.

As we did not leave until the afternoon of the 17th, and as it is in this country, as in most others, where there are no hotels to receive the weary traveller, any thing but advisable to go a-head of your servants, supplies, &c., we only got through about ten miles, to a place called Goddegamme, where a rest-house* was erected, and most tastefully decorated to receive the king's representative. The country, so far, was not very interesting, being flat, with thick bamboo jungle on each side of the road. The modeliar (native nobleman) of the district (a government public servant), as well as the inferior chiefs, met us with a vast concourse of people. We dined and slept at this place, and the next morning, 18th of February, we were on horseback at gun-fire (5 o'clock), and got to Pittapane, eight miles, to breakfast: halted during the heat of the day, and in the afternoon proceeded on to Andapangodde (nine miles), at which we dined and slept; rest-house, or bungalow, decorated as the other was; the face of the country very much the same as that through which we passed yesterday. The inhabitants complained very much of the devastations committed on their lands by elephants. Next day, 19th, we were off at 4 A.M., as we had a tough ride for breakfast; the country changed from flat to hill, and we had to go over one or two rather steep passes. On the last pass we had a beautiful burst of mountain scenery, the Peak ris-

ing majestically in the centre, the distance to this place, Kurundenny, is about fifteen miles. We were here met by the adigar, a dignitary of the highest Kandyan order, similar, to a certain extent, to the head modeliar of the maritime provinces, but perfectly different in dress; a band of tom-toms and a series of flags and banners ushered our approach to the temporary rest-house erected for our reception. At 4, we were again *en route*, and reached Nakandelle (nine miles) at about 7, where we slept; the appearance of the country was much the same as the last stage. The next day (20th), we proceeded on to Korroowatte (ten miles), where there was a most beautifully situated bungalow, at which we breakfasted, and were met by the government agent of Saffragam district, and the medical officer who was stationed at Ratnapoora. We arrived at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the district, in the afternoon, and put up at the agent's house (an excellent roomy mansion), who entertained us in the most hospitable manner.

The town (with the fort) of Ratnapoora is very finely situated on an eminence; it is surrounded with rich paddy fields and splendid forests. We remained here the whole of the next day (21st), and his excellency took the opportunity, as he did at all stations where we halted, to summon the chiefs and head men, and to explain to them his hopes that they had their children vaccinated to prevent the fatal propagation of the dreadful small-pox; they promised, with hardly an exception, to do their "possible" to promote this desirable result. On the 22d, we left Ratnapoora at 6 A.M. for Gillemale, about seven miles distant, through fine forests and some monstrous bad riding roads; a very neat temporary bungalow was erected for us, the site very pretty. We breakfasted here, and started about 12 for the next stage. After a mile of level road, the ascent commences in real earnest. We left our horses at Gillemale, as it was quite impossible to take them on with us. The governor was carried in a monshiel (a kind of palanquin), and I walked with the others—and a tough business it was. We reached Pallabattala about 5, having crossed the rocky bed of the Caln Gang (black river) three or four times in this day's route. Pallabattala lies at the foot of the great mountains surrounding the Peak.

The rest-house is a miserable place, but the chief priest had it "touched" up; and, having experienced a sharp shower above half a mile on the Ratnapoora side of the place, we were right glad to get under any kind of cover: added to which, the cold (thermometer stood at 60°, which to us, who had been exposed for months to a thermometer of from 80° to 86°, was really cold) gave us the appetites of hawks. The trappings of the Peak temple are kept in the charge of the priest. The next morning at day-break we were again in motion; the road appeared to be a series of water-courses—steep rocks and the roots of trees formed a kind of ladder over which we scrambled as well as we could: delighted were we to arrive at Diabette (five miles), which we achieved at about 10, ate a good breakfast, and then continued our pilgrimage on to the Peak, the road getting from bad to worse; it was, indeed, extraordinary how the bearers carried his excellency, who was, however, obliged to get out frequently. We now and then caught some beautiful views of the Peak towering above us, as well as some magnificent peeps at the low countries; up one of the steepest rocks there have been cut by some pious individual (whose

* The property of government, for the use of travellers—there is one nearly every ten miles throughout all the roads of the island.

image appears carved out on stone) about 140 steps! these mountain stairs running perpendicularly up. About a mile from the peak (three miles from Diabette), we came to a small level green spot, called Andia Maletenne, or "the Fakir's Monument;" we took breath there, and then prosecuted our journey. We arrived at the foot of the great cone at about 2, and I confess its appearance was anything but pleasant; the distance to the top is about 310 yards: to ascend to which you have literally to hang by chains; and at two or three corners we were suspended over rocks many hundred feet in height. Had one of us let go the chains, he would have been dashed to atoms. We surmounted all obstacles in about half an hour, and found, on the top of the peak, a small mud hovel (a portion of the temple), about 6 feet by 8. This was to be the abode of his excellency, and the other members of the party had to make themselves as comfortable as they could in two leaf huts, which had been erected for their accommodation. As evening drew on, we were enveloped in a thick mist; and, after sunset, the clouds rose above us, and formed, as it were, into mountains.

We found some pilgrims from the continent of India, on a visit to this, to them, sacred mountain. All our servants, of all religious persuasions (Buddhists, Protestants, Catholics, &c.), deposited sundry small coins, as offerings to the temple. A priest goes up to the peak, from Pallabattala, during the first four months of the year, when this devotional pilgrimage takes place of natives of Ceylon, as well as of the Musselmans and Hindoos of India.

The summit of Adam's Peak is about 75 feet by 25, and Budhoo's foot* is about 5 feet 3½ inches long, and 2 feet 5 inches wide. It is studded with a few gems, of little value, and a border of brass.

At 8 o'clock the thermometer stood at 50°, and cold enough we found it in our beds.

We drank Queen Adelaide's health, it was her birth-day, in champagne, like loyal people. We were all up at five a.m.; thermometer 55°. February 24th; this morning we had the pleasure to see the sun rise in all his majesty; but the most extraordinary feature of the scene, grand as it was, was the shadow of the peak, extending to the furthest horizon, and forming a perfectly mathematical cone, enough to puzzle a superstitious person: this decreased as the influence of the sun increased. The view, although we had not a "superfine" one, was grand in the extreme: the valleys of the chain of mountains over which we had travelled were enveloped in fog, and their heights appeared like so many beautiful islands. At 7, we let fly two pigeons, that had been brought from Colombo; after flying about the summit two or three times, they took the direction of Colombo; but, as I afterwards learned they never arrived there, it was inferred that hawks had made them their prey. I forgot to mention, that we had large fires during the night, and our coolies (porters), &c. bivouacked close to them: the poor creatures appeared to suffer extremely from cold. About ½ past 7 A.M., we committed ourselves to the chains, on our way down. These said chains have been attached to the most difficult rocks, from time to time, by devotees. We found the descent much more difficult than the ascent, and delighted we were to see Diabette, where breakfast was prepared for us. Near this place there is a famous echo, to which travellers are expected to listen. We got to Pallabattala to dinner, slept there, and the next day got down to Ratnapoora, after

* Called the print of Adam's foot, in many stories.

a most delightful excursion, which no male resident on, or visitors of, Ceylon ought to miss, unless ill health, or other untoward events, preclude the attempt. As Sir R. W. Horton was the first English governor who had ever ascended the Peak, a brass plate is about to be affixed to the temple, on its top, commemorating the event.

Ceylon, April 1, 1837.

E. R. P.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 24th. — Carlo Luciano Buonaparte, Prince di Musignano, read a paper on the habits of, and finished by describing, a beautiful species of *Trogon*, inhabiting Mexico. The species had previously been described by him in some American journal, under the name of *Trogon paradisiacus*, and by Mr. Gould, in his work on the *Trogons*, under the specific name of *Resplendens*. Mr. Gray described a new species of sword-fish, from the Cape of Good Hope, belonging to the genus *Tetrapturus*, for which he proposed the specific name of *Herschellii*. Mr. Gray also exhibited some pieces of chalk, into which some molluscous animals, of the genus *Pholas*, had bored. An interesting discussion took place, as to the mode in which this animal made the hole in which it lived. Mr. Martin described a new species of bat, from Fernando Po, belonging to the genus *Bhinolophus*; the specific name of *Landerii* was proposed. A new species of hedgehog was also described by Mr. Martin: the name proposed was *Erinaceus concolor*. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited to the meeting two specimens of kangaroo. One of these was procured in the neighbourhood of Hunter's River (New South Wales); the other had died in the Society's menagerie: from what part of Australia it had been imported, was not known. This latter animal, and several others like it, had always been considered as the *Macropus ulabatus* of Lesson. The specimen from Hunter's River, however, agreed perfectly with the description of that species, whereas the other differed in having the under parts gray instead of yellow; the ears longer, the sides of the face in the region of the eye rusty; in having the tail almost totally gray, and with short and pressed hairs, and in several other particulars. As Mr. Waterhouse thought this would eventually prove a distinct species, he proposed for it the specific name of *Bennettii*. A gray mouse, with bristly hairs, from the Cape of Good Hope, was also described by Mr. Waterhouse; for this he proposed the name of *Mus subspinosus*. Mr. Gould exhibited to the meeting several birds, among which he pointed out two new species of spoon-bill (*Platalea*), both from Australia: for one he proposed the specific name of *Regia*, and for the other, that of *Flavipes*. Mr. Gould also described a new species of ibis, from New South Wales, under the name of *Ibis strictipennis*. This species is allied to the sacred ibis of Egypt (*Ibis religiosa*). The characters of a new goatsucker were also pointed out, and the name proposed for it was *Amblypterus nyctidromus*. Some birds from New Zealand were exhibited, there being present at the meeting a New Zealand chief, who had furnished the Society with some interesting facts relating to their habits, &c. Among these birds, was the apteryx, an extraordinary wingless bird, with feathers like those of the emu, and with a beak somewhat resembling that of a snipe. Relating to the habits of this bird, Mr. Yarrell informed the meeting he had learned from the New Zealand chief that it made large

burrows in the ground, into which it retreated when hunted by dogs (the usual mode adopted for catching it); the nest is constructed with fern; the young are quite bare; and it seeks its food by night. Other interesting particulars were also related regarding the habits of some of the New Zealand birds. Adjourned to November 14th.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Finden's Tableaux. Tilt.

A DOZEN graphic impersonations of as many different countries. If our recollection does not fail us, they are scarcely equal to their predecessors of last year. Some of them are very beautiful, nevertheless: for instance, — "Sicily" (the frontispiece), a female group, in fervent adoration of an image of the virgin: engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by T. Uwins, A.R.A. "Castle," a lovely creature leaning and watching from a balcony, at night, engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by W. Perring. "Georgia," an unnatural mother driving a bargain with a purveyor for the sultan's harem, for two graceful and timid girls, who are seeking protection in each other's arms: engraved by H. Egleton, from a drawing by T. Uwins, A.R.A. "England." "Alas! when England was "merry England;" and not as she is now that fanaticism and avarice united have forbidden all the sports and games for which she was formerly so celebrated, and have rendered her people the dullest human beings on the face of the earth: engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. "Florence," a delightful tale of love — delightful, at least, to the teller: engraved by C. E. Wagstaff, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. "India:" Hindoo maidens, who

"— Each within a little boat
A little flame hath lit;"

and hath set it afloat on the Ganges, to ascertain the fate of her affections: engraved by H. Egleton, from a drawing by J. Brown. "Venice," a gallant handing his innamorata into a gondola, for an excursion on the Adriatic: engraved by W. Holl, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. "Andalusia:" the termination of a bull-fight; mules dragging away the slain animal. In the foreground, a would-be matador, of four years old, delighting his mamma and aunt by his ardent and enthusiastic expression and gestures: engraved by W. Holl, from a drawing by J. Brown, &c. &c.

Illustration of the Oriental Annual, for 1838. Tilt.

THE pleasure with which we have looked through these beautiful Illustrations has been sadly damped by the melancholy reflection that the hand which produced them is now cold in death. It is not probable that an artist will speedily reappear, who, in addition to great professional taste and skill, shall possess the intimate knowledge of eastern scenery and manners, which manifested itself even in the slightest sketch that proceeded from the pencil of the late Mr. Daniell. Numerous as are the subjects of that kind which were treated by him through a long and indefatigable life, the present series shews that neither his portfolio nor his memory was exhausted; but that he still retained the means of furnishing the highest gratification to the admirers of Asiatic landscape or architecture, character, and costume. Among the most striking specimens are, "Hindoo Female at the Tomb of her Child" (most appropriately selected as a frontispiece); "The

Mausoleum of Nizamoudeen Pulea, Delhi; "Baslee, at Allahabad;" "The Rope Bridge, at Sirinagur;" "Elephants fighting, Lucnow;" (literally a devil of a dust) "Futtypore Sucri, near Agra;" "Deserted Houses of Palam Chiefs, at Old Delhi;" "Minar, at Futtypore;" "Mausoleum of Hamaion, at Delhi;" "Castle of Ponaka, in Boutan;" "Fortress of Chunar, on the Ganges;" "A Female Peasant of Ceylon," &c. &c.

Smugglers Attacked. Painted by H. P. Parker; drawn on stone by T. Fairland.

A SPIRITED group. But again we must remonstrate against the stale trick of projecting parts of the figure, and their shadows over the boundary line of the frame.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRAFALGAR.*

BRITAIN'S Queen! Victoria, hail!
List! I tell no idle tale;
Short and simple is my story,
Nelson's grave, and England's glory!
Shall this proud, eventful day,
Still unnoticed pass away!
And no medal, badge, or star,
Mark the fight of Trafalgar?

Hearts and blades of metal true,
Won the field of Waterloo—
All who fought, with honest glow,
Can the well-earned medal shew.
On the wild, embattled waves,
Death the gallant seaman braves!
Hark! the rolling main afar,
Shouts, "Remember Trafalgar!"
Come, ye tritons, from the deep;
Wake, dead warriors, from your sleep;
Nelson's spirit bids ye claim
Honours due to England's fame.
Where would be her power and pride,
Did her ships not rule the tide?
Grant the brave, O royal star,
Medals meet for Trafalgar!

SKETCHES.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.†
MR. EDITOR.—I am greatly surprised that, in all the published reports of the late meeting of this learned body, at Liverpool, many very important papers are left unnoticed. I had the pleasure of being present, but *incoy*, and made notes of all the proceedings; and if you can find space for the following supplement to the report which you have published, you will only do your duty to the intelligent public by inserting it.—I remain yours, &c.

JAMES H. FENWELL.

Section A.—Professor Aquarius, of Geneva, read a most interesting paper, in which, after having observed that astronomers had long been in *darkness* as to the nature of the *luminous* celestial bodies, vulgarly called stars, comets, &c., he stated that he had accidentally made the important discovery, that they are merely the reflections of the various waters of our own globe. A short time ago, he made two ponds in his garden, and, on the ensuing night, he discovered, from his observatory, two

stars which were perfectly new to him and all other astronomers. The following day two more ponds were made near to the others; and that evening two more stars were visible close to those observed on the previous night. He then, for experiment sake, made a pond upon the top of a high mound, and, having formed a trench to connect it with one of the lower ponds, he broke down the bank of the raised pond, so as to permit the water it contained to run rapidly into the other. He now looked up, and observed the reflection or star produced by the raised pond running with rapidity towards the reflection of the other pond, thus producing the common phenomenon of a meteor or shooting star. The author concluded by observing that this discovery proves that the stars are not inhabited, and that, as he has no doubt that the sun is only the reflection of the Red Sea, and the moon of the Sea of Azoff, he thinks we may conclude them to be equally tenantless. The learned professor sat down amid most deafening applause, which lasted for two hours and a half.

Professor Frost read a valuable paper 'On Icebergs,' and described many of enormous size. He thought that, if a tunnel were bored through them, the North Pole might be reached very easily. Mr. Snow Harris and Mr. Hailstone said they highly approved of the suggestion, and hoped it would attract the attention of Mr. Brunel.

Section B.—Professor Faraday read a short paper, wherein he observed that he had every reason to suspect antimony to be an alkali, because it is *so dear* (soda). Dr. Davy then remarked that he himself thought that antimony-wine was *made dearer* (Madeira).

Professor Goldfuss then made some remarks upon gold-mines, and on the *iron-y of Steele*. Colonel Silvertop said he quite acquiesced in the observations of the *talented* professor.

Mr. Charlesworth stated that a great quantity of plum-pudding stone had been discovered in the counties of Kent and Essex. Mr. Chadwick said he rejoiced at the discovery, as it would afford another means of economising in the victualling department of the poor-houses. He would communicate the interesting fact to the commissioners.

Section C.—Professor Sedgwick exhibited some portions of an ancient barrel-organ which had become fossilised. These *organic remains* were, as he remarked, very curious.

Dr. Buckland exhibited a large slab of free-stone, on which were four distinct marks, which he considered to be the foot-marks of some extinct animal. Mr. Murchison said he thought they were only the *foot-marks of a table*. The two gentlemen then entered into a lengthy dispute, which terminated without either embracing the other's opinion.

Section D.—Mr. Golding Bird read a paper 'On the Perch, and on the Goldfinch.' It was exceedingly technical, as his writings generally are.

Professor Frost read a paper 'On the Skate and Bleak.' He was applauded by every sole present.

Mr. Swainson read a paper, proving that, as *Cuvier* is the French for a *cooper*, the illustrious naturalist of that name must have been a follower of the *ternary* (turnery) system. Several systematists said that this was not a fair and logical inference; but the author replied, that he never would abandon any notion after having had the trouble of forming it.

Mr. Bell read a paper, of much interest, on the *clapper-rail*. He concluded amid a *peel* of applause.

Mr. Neville Wood exhibited the very mouse which came from the mountain in labour. Both he and the mouse were looked at with much curiosity.

An eminent *fly-catcher*, whose name we could not catch, read a paper 'On the genus *Musei-capa*.'

Mr. Gould read a paper 'On Bird Stuffing.' He did not approve of stuffing them with *sage and onions*, a barbarous method recommended by Glass, Kitchiner, Ude, Meg Dods, and others.

Mr. Yarrell exhibited some very interesting specimens, among which, were a *Buphaga*, or *beef-eater*, caught in the Tower; an *adjutant* from Waterloo; a *moor-hen* from Tom Moore; a *frog* from Crofton Croker; a strange calf from Cowes; a large *swan* from the Signet Office; a *great seal* from the Lord Chancellor; a *fire-flare* from Swing; some voracious *sharks* from Lincoln's Inn; and the "cinque-spotted mole" of Imogen.

Mr. Newman read a paper 'On the Ichneumon,' and then exhibited a very large *blue-bottle* found in a wine-cellar. The Bishop of Ferns read a paper 'On the *Cryptogamia*,' and Mr. Doubleday made some observations respecting the *double dahlia*.

Mr. Jesse exhibited a new species of *jessamine*, which grows in the ground where it lives till it dies.

Section E.—Dr. Roget made some statements corroborative of the discovery of a modern French philosopher, that the soul is but two grains of phosphorus. He said he believed the Will-o'-the-wisp to be the soul disengaged from some human being.

Mr. Knapp read a paper 'On Sleep,' and referred to the experiments of Baron Dupotet, who sends people to sleep by means of animal magnetism. He said he had often observed sleep produced by reading of a dull book or a sermon.

Section F.—Colonel Sykes read some valuable memoranda respecting the statistics of the metropolis. Among other things, it appeared that there are in London, 75,000 persons who chew tobacco; 100,000 who take snuff; 200,000 who smoke pipes; 80,000 who smoke cigars; 700,000 who have pocket-handkerchiefs, and 900,000 who have nothing but fingers; 600,000 who have quiet wives; 900,500 who have cross wives; and 700,000 who have no wives at all. He promised to lay before them, at the next meeting, a statistical report of the respective numbers of vendors of hot kidney-puddings, sheep's-heads, dog's-meat, and baked potatoes, in London.

Dr. Taylor read a paper 'On the Medical Statistics of London,' from which it appeared, that 25,000 persons (including infants) take castor oil regularly once a week; 400,000 occasionally; and 700,000 never; 200 take the medicines prescribed by their doctors, and 900,500 throw their physic "to the dogs."

Section G.—Mr. Herapath exhibited some models for steam watches and clocks. He said that the application of steam to watches and clocks is entirely his own invention, and one for which he hopes to obtain a patent.

Mr. Monk Mason read a paper 'On the use of the Balloon in extracting Teeth.' He said, that if a number of lines of pack-thread be attached to the car of the balloon by one end, and the other ends fastened round the teeth of as many persons, all their teeth might be very expertly and comfortably extracted from their gums, simultaneously, on the rising of the balloon. The gentleman sat down amid great applause.

* Received too late for the anniversary last Saturday; but never out of time. We saw them on that morning crowning Westmacott's fine statue of Nelson with a laurel wreath at Birmingham; and thought, amid all our embellishments of London, there is no public memorial of gratitude to the immortal hero of the Nile and Trafalgar.—Ed.

† Having given our own report of the Liverpool proceedings, we are (notwithstanding Bea's preceding admirable *son d'esprit* in Bentley's last "Miscellany") well inclined to insert this good-humoured essay of a correspondent.

P.S. I have more to tell you about the meeting, but must let the matter stand over for a while.

DRAMA.

THERE has been no novelty this week, unless we can call some transmutations novelties. At *Drury Lane*, Mr. Ternan (the husband of Miss Jarman) essayed his metropolitan spurs, on Wednesday, as *Shylock*; and, though not a striking, gave a fair and correct, representation of the Jew. The rest of the cast languished sadly; as, indeed, do the general casts of the pieces which have been got up, or rather got down, here to very thin houses. *Covent Garden*, besides the *Bridal*, finely acted, and other plays, in which Macready is an acknowledged host, has treated us with the *Poor Soldier*, and thus reminded us of pleasant times of the drama, in the most pleasant manner. The *Haymarket* continues the successful run of S. Knowles's modern antique comedy, the *Love Chase*, so excellently acted, so extravagant in its incidents, so admirable in its dialogue, so well contrived in its stage situations, and so delicate and poetical in its best female character—a charm in which the author is unsurpassed by any dramatist that ever wrote. Miss Vandenhoff is very praiseworthy in this part, *Lydia*; but the finest and highest powers might be taxed to delineate it to perfection. The *Adelphi*, with Power in *Rory O'More*, ably supported by Yates in *De Vellskein*, and efficiently by the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, continues to keep the Strand alive by the unceasing echoes of laughter from the theatre. The *Death Token*, from the *Surrey*, is but commonplace in its construction, and improbable in its catastrophe (for who would stick a dagger, the evidence of a murder, conspicuously in his girdle?); but the exquisite acting of Mrs. Yates redeems it, and nothing can surpass the pathos with which she moves from her half credulous and half apprehensive affectation of laughter at superstitious fears to the belief in the dread reality of the supernatural warning. At the *Olympic*, *Hugo Bambino* (the *quondam Court Jester* of the *Haymarket*) deserves our applause; though on the night we were there it seemed to lack spirit, though Farrer was the hero, and played the character in the most finished style. Vestris is not at home in the simple plaintiff heroine; but we see it stated that she was obliged to perform it, or not perform the piece. The *Country Squire*, however, makes ample amends; where Mrs. Orger is *Temperance*, the housekeeper, than which nothing can be more perfect—not acting, but life itself, and so subdued and natural that we hardly know a parallel; and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as the frightened guitarist and Moorish maiden in the intermediate vaudeville, make out a capital night's entertainment. At the *St. James's*, a new piece (the only exception to our statement) was produced on Thursday—too late for our notice. Mrs. Honey and Mr. Cockerton, we hear, are carrying on the *Norton Falcate* with spirit; and Miss Desborough, from Richmond, the *Queen's*.

VARIETIES.

Weather Wisdom.—Our last week is so fairly prophesied, that we give the next with some confidence. "The end of the month variable; tokens of storms. The 30th raw and cold. The 31st rainy. Cloudy and dark weather. Many changes about the 2d and 3d, with wind and sleet. Cold air on the 4th—a fall of snow."

Ether Enantique (*Enantic*).—In the sitting

of the French Academy of Sciences, on the 9th, M. Aug. Laurent announced, that he had succeeded in preparing enantic (not, as in our original, enantic) ether artificially. Mr. Deslamps, to whom we owe the discovery of this ether, obtained it from old wines; and it is now generally believed that it is to this product that wines owe their peculiar bouquets.

Ninth of November.—Mr. Murphy, to whose meteorological predictions we have often referred (and who has just published a *Weather Almanac*,* on his own principles, for 1838, and to which we shall have frequent occasion to allude), has advertised all cockneyland of the gratifying intelligence that the approaching ninth of November is likely to be a fine day for the royal city festival, though the weather both before and after it is likely to be bad. *Soit comme il est désiré!*

Almanacs.—Mr. Tilt has, as usual, issued a profusion of very cheap almanacs, in every form: and we have to notice the *Miniature*, a tiny thing of two inches by one; the *Hat*, to fit the crown, and costing a penny, not likely to make the purchaser over head and ears in debt; the *Useful*, another fair pennyworth, suited for London; the *Paragon*, and the *National*, other varieties, with the usual Almanac references and information. There is also a *Sunday Guide*, for the ensuing year, at the same moderate rate.

Gresham Professorship of Music.—Mr. Edward Taylor has been the successful candidate, having eight votes, whilst Mr. Horsley had two, and Mr. Phillips one.

Education in France.—In the beginning of the present year there were in the department of the Seine, 37 infant schools, with 6715 scholars; 259 communal schools, 30,017 scholars, and 53 classes of adults, 8456 students: in all, 47,188. A normal school, at Versailles, endowed with 12 bursaries, to educate teachers for primary schools, is to be added to the list.

Malibran.—M. Beriot's monument to Malibran, in the cemetery at Laken, as designed by Geef, is described to be a rectangular chapel, surmounted by a cupola and cross. A single door is to admit the light of day to penetrate the interior. A fountain is also mentioned; and the vision of the spectator will only catch an indistinct and mysterious view of a pure marble statue of Malibran, as she appeared in the fifth act of "Norma," after she had cast off the royal mantle, and stood with a poetic expression of exaltation and grief in garments of white.

Genuine and Important Scientific Intelligence.—The French journal, to which we have referred, gives the following among its scientific notices; our readers will perceive that it is translated from Boz's capital hoax:—"Le Professeur Queerspeck vient d'inventer un chemin de fer portatif: au moyen de cette invention, tout employé d'un ministère ou d'une administration pourrait se rendre à son bureau en faisant 65 miles à l'heure; il lui suffirait pour cela d'adapter le véhicule à ses pieds. On a demandé à l'inventeur s'il faudrait une surface plane pour appliquer ce système ingénieux; il a répondu que les voyageurs marcheraient par séries, attachés par le bras."

Hummel, the celebrated composer, is stated, in the German journals, to have died at Weimar on the 17th.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A periodical work devoted to the Picturesque and Romantic Scenery of the Birmingham Railway, has been some time in preparation, illustrated by Engravings on Steel.

* Whittaker and Co.

Mr. Britton's long-promised "History and Illustrations of Casibury," we learn, is very nearly ready, in a folio volume, consisting of thirty-five engravings, representing interior and exterior views of the house, cottages, lodges, &c.; with historical and descriptive accounts. The plates, presented to the author by the Earl of Essex, are from drawings by Turner, Alexander, Edridge, Hunt, Pugin, &c.; and only a limited number of copies are to be printed.

In the Press.

Rural Life in England, by William Howitt.—Seven Weeks in Belgium, Switzerland, Lombardy, Piedmont, Savoy, &c., by John Roby, Esq., author of "Traditions of Lancashire," &c. &c.—Trelawny of Trelawney; or, the Prophecy: a Legend of Cornwall, by Mrs. Bray.—Life of Edward, first Earl of Clarendon, by T. Lister, Esq., with Original Correspondence.—A History of Prices, with reference to the Causes of their principal Variations from 1792 to the present time, by Thomas Tooke, Esq.—Electricity: its Nature, Operation, and Importance in the Phenomena of the Universe, by Wm. Leithard, Esq., Secretary of the Electrical Society of London.—Letters from an Absent Godfather; or, a Compendium of Religious Instruction for Young Persons, by the Rev. J. B. Riddle, M.A. Curate of Harrow.—History of English Literature, critical, philosophical, and biographical, by J. D'Israeli, Esq.—Vol. II. of The New Botanist's Guide, by H. Watson, comprehending Scotland, and the adjacent Isles.—Athens and Sparta; their Private Manners and Public Institutions, by James Augustus St. John.—A Popular Law Dictionary, by T. E. Tomlins, Barrister-at-Law.—Essays on Natural History, by Charles Waterton, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Human Physiology, by Dr. Elliottson, Part II. containing the Animal Functions, 8vo. 14s.—The Gems of Beauty for 1838, being Illustrations of the Passions, from Designs by E. T. Parris, Esq., with fanciful Illustrations in Verse, by the Countess of Blessington, imperial 4to. 11. 11s. 6d.—The Student's Guide to a course of reading for obtaining University Honours, by a Graduate of Oxford, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Examination Papers for the Use of Theological Students, 8vo. 12mo. 3s.—The Domestic Medical Pocket Book; or, Familial Vale Mecum, by W. H. Kittoe, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Parker's improved Lunar Tables, royal 8vo. 4s.—A Letter addressed to the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P., on the Asiatic Cholera, by J. Ayre, M.D. 8vo.—Camillus, a historical Play, in five acts, by G. Condy, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—The Flora of Jamaica, a Description of the Plants of that Island, by James Macfadyen, M.D. Vol. I. Ranunculaceae—Leguminosae, 8vo. 14s.—A Medical-Legal Treatise on Homicide, by external Violence, &c. by Alexander Wilson, Esq. 8vo.—The Book of Trees, 18mo. 2s.—The Life, Voyages, and Discoveries of Christopher Columbus, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Do. do. of Captain Cook, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Elements of Syriac Grammar, by the Rev. G. Phillips, 8vo. 10s.—Affection's Gift, 1838, 48mo. 2s. 6d.—Friendship's Keepsake, 1838, 48mo. 2s. 6d.—Chemistry as applied to the Fine Arts, by G. H. Bachoffner, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Cynosure, by the Editor of the *Caraceni*, 18mo. 6s.—Phantasmion, 1cp 8vo. 9s.—Anglo-Norman Poem on the Conquest of Ireland, edited by Michel, 8cp 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Christ's Temptation in the Wilderness, by Krummacher, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Present State of New Zealand, 1cp 8vo. 4s. 6d.—A Free and Explanatory View of the Epistles, by the Rev. E. Barlee, 8cp. 6d.—Conversations on Chronology, with a Preface, by L. Jesse, 18mo.—Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, 1cp. 7s.—Robinson's Scripture Characters, by the Rev. P. Hall, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s.—The Commodore and his Daughter, 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.—G. Futvoye's Literal Translation of the Pharmacopoeia, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Ditto, Selection of Latin Prescriptions, 32mo. 3s. 6d.—The Authors of England, royal 4to., elegantly bound, 11. 11s. 6d.; India proofs, 2s. 12s. 6d.—Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, illustrated edition, 8vo. 20s.; proofs 30s.—Cowie's Questions to Crombie's Gymnasium, new edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Logarithmic and Trigonometric Tables, 12mo. 12s.—Life of T. Chatterton, by J. Dix, 1cp. 6s.—Rev. R. Watson's Works, Vol. XII. 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Squire, by the Author of "The Heiress," &c. &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Memoirs of Bishop Bathurst, by the Rev. H. Bathurst, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 10s.—The Young Christian armed against Intemperance, by M. Seaman, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Memoirs of a Smuggler, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Dr. Patrick's Heart's Ease, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Bench and the Bar, by the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Memoirs of the Late Hannah Kilham, by S. Belier, 12mo. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . 19	From 32 to 57	30.22 to 30.31
Friday 20 40 .. 63	30.35 .. 30.55
Saturday . . 21 39 .. 59	30.48 .. 30.44
Sunday 22 38 .. 59	30.36 .. 30.24
Monday 23 49 .. 59	30.00 .. 29.75
Tuesday . . . 24 47 .. 54	29.56 .. 29.49
Wednesday 25 32 .. 47	29.33 .. 29.92

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 23d, 24th, and morning of the 25th, generally clear, with rain.

Rain fallen, .385 of an inch.

Edmonton.
Latitude—51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude—3° 51' W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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Dr. Vaughan—on Roman History, and on the Connection between Literature and the State of Society—Two Lectures.
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